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The Outlook

Volume 140 June 3, 1925 Number 5

What May a Teacher Teach?

A SPECIAL grand jury at Dayton, Tennessee, has indicted John Thomas Scopes, the young high school teacher charged with violation of the recently enacted law against the teaching of evolution. Extensive preparations are making for the trial, though doubt has been raised as to whether it will be of large legal importance. Some able Tennessee lawyers hold that the trial court will find it necessary to discharge Scopes, perhaps without a test of the law. John Cantrell, a prominent lawyer of Chattanooga, has issued a statement in which he holds that Scopes clearly has not violated the law, and that, indeed, the bill was so loosely drawn as to make violation practically impossible. This contention, however, will probably not be sustained. Judge John T. Raulston, who is to try the case, made it clear in his charge to the grand jury that he believes the law has been violated.

The arrest of Scopes continues to attract widespread attention. The chief of his counsel has accepted the offer of Clarence Darrow and Dudley Field Malone to assist in the defense. The State authorities doubtless will accept the offer of William Jennings Bryan to aid in the prosecution. Organizations of various kinds are interesting themselves. So great does the attendance at the trial promise to be that cities much larger than Dayton have been made envious, and at least one of them, Chattanooga, has put forth some effort to have the case transferred. Dayton, however, will probably retain until after the trial the new importance it has gained and, despite its smallness, will manage to find housing accommodations for the crowds. Representative Hull has been requested to secure a large number of tents from the War Department and the railroad companies are arranging to provide sleeping quarters in parked Pullman cars.

The case will be tried at a special term of court in July rather than at the regular term in August, the object being to secure a decision before the schools resume their work in the fall. No final decision can be reached by that time, of course, as the case is almost certain to go through the higher courts, but it is thought desirable to give to the teachers of the State at least the authority of a trial court as to whether they may or may not exercise their own judgment as to what they shall teach.

P. & A. Photos

John Thomas Scopes, Tennessee's bone of contention

American Common Law

FOUR hundred of the leading lawyers, judges, and professors of law in the United States, members of the American Law Institute, have been consulting together in Washington on the progress they have made and are to make in simplifying the American common law. It may be news to many readers that there is such a thing as American common law, the general conception of the common law being that it was the basis of a system of judicature which we inherited from England. The common law, however, is that portion of the whole body of the law which grows out of the work of the courts as distinguished from the portion created by acts of legislative assemblies. It has come to be, if not identical with, at least similar to what some of our modern lawyers have called case law, and it is a terribly bulky and complicated thing.

Now the American Law Institute started out several years ago on a process of simplification, to clear the law of repetitions, ill-conceived opinions, overruled opinions, and decisions which are illogical and inconsistent "with the weight of authority and the sense of competent judges." A restatement of the law of torts already has been accomplished. A good beginning has been made toward the restatement of contract law, and a competent committee is energetically at work on a restatement of the criminal law. Former Governor Hadley, of Missouri, the chairman of this committee, said in presenting his report to the Institute that the defects in the criminal law are largely responsible for the percentage of crime in the United States being much higher than in England or Canada. "The trial of important criminal cases," he said, "has often lost the character of an investigation to ascertain the truth."

Among the prominent men who made addresses and took part in the deliberations were Attorney-General Sargent and Justice Harlan F. Stone, former Attorney-General.

The Toll of the Automobile

RECENTLY issued statistics show that in the year 1924 some 19,000 persons were killed and 45,000 others injured in the United States by automobiles. It is one of those facts which ought to give pause to thought.

For the last seven years the United States has been mourning its war dead. In every town and village throughout the country rolls of honor have been set up, and in almost every town and village some one wounded or maimed in the great struggle is to be found. And yet the mortality in the Great War as far as America was concerned was little more than twice as much as that exacted every year on the roads of the country by the automobile. Some 50,000 Americans were killed in action during the war or subsequently died of wounds, and, all told, some 205,000 were wounded. It is thus seen that the number injured by the

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automobile in a single year is more than double the total wounded during the war. The only comfort to be derived from these figures and others which accompanied them is that the comparative death rate is decreasing. Ten years ago the number of deaths for every 10,000 automobiles was 24. Last year the fatalities were 9.6 for every 10,000 automobiles. Nevertheless the situation is still serious beyond words to emphasize, and calls for still more drastic action.

The chief danger, it is now generally conceded, is not speeding, but bad and careless driving by immature or reckless drivers. The fact is the rules of the road must, somehow or other, be elevated to the position of moral obligation. The taking of chances must be removed from the realm of sport in the popular estimation and placed where it belongs in the category of that which is disreputable.

Tetraethyl-Lead on Trial

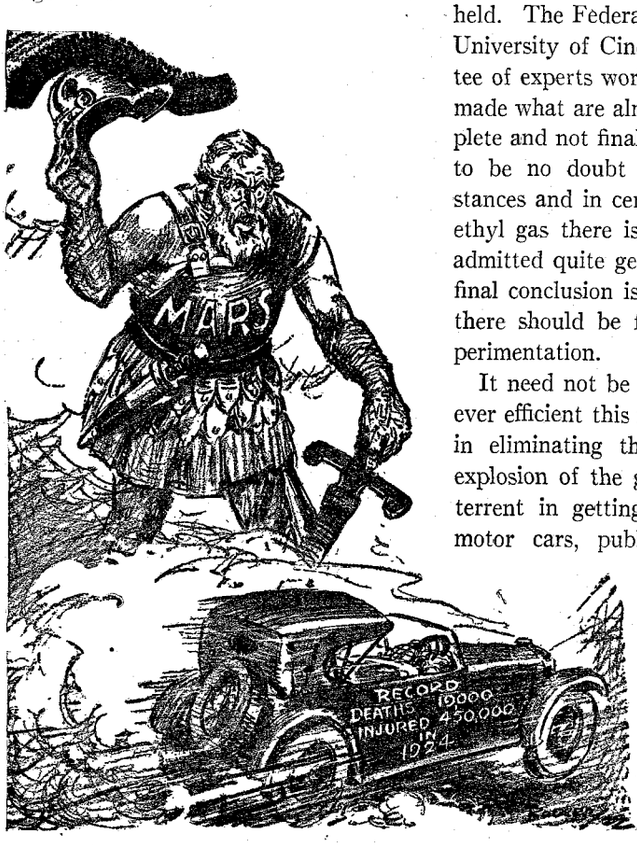
THE public at large is not possessed of the facilities or the special training that would allow it to judge of the merits of the controversy as to whether the use in gasoline of tetraethyl-lead is or is not a danger. The questions involved are highly technical and a divergence of opinion appears to exist among experts. It is well, therefore, that we should be slow, on the one hand, to indulge in sensational conclusions about the poisoning of employees in the manufacturing of this product or, on the other hand, to assume jauntily that the inquiry into its effects is a matter of form.

Voluntarily, and most creditably to the manufacturing corporation, the manufacture and distribution of ethyl gasoline has been discontinued by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation while the examination proceeds. Full credit should be given to the company for this action. It recalls the equally commendable conduct of the Diamond Match Company years ago, when it gave to the public without pay the use of a patent owned solely by itself through which matches could be made without the use of the white phosphorus which produced such lamentable effects in the disease known as phossy-jaw, a disease now practically unknown.

The result of an informal conference recently held at Washington in which all sides of the case were talked over was that Surgeon-General Cummings, the head of the Public Health Service, is to appoint a committee of seven experts and hold an investigation to be paid for out of the public funds. The result of this will be, in all probability, either to assure the public that the manufacture and use of ethyl gasoline can be and will be surrounded by such safeguards as to make it not dangerous, or to indicate what legislation against its use is desirable.

Already three investigations have been held. The Federal Bureau of Mines, the University of Cincinnati, and a committee of experts working at Columbia have made what are almost admittedly incomplete and not final reports. There seems to be no doubt that in some circumstances and in certain admixtures of the ethyl gas there is danger, but it is also admitted quite generally that before the final conclusion is reached in the matter there should be far more extensive experimentation.

It need not be pointed out that, however efficient this new compound may be in eliminating the "knock" or violent explosion of the gasoline which is a deterrent in getting the best out of our motor cars, public safety and public health are paramount. The history of poisoning in occupational diseases in this country and abroad proves abundantly the need of Governmental supervision. Dr. Haven Emerson, formerly Health Commissioner, in the conference just held urged that there should be "a broad Federal legislative programme which would bring poisonous and deleterious substances under Government control and which would place Federal safeguards over the development and employment of poisons in order to make sure that human beings were not made the subjects for experiments to ascertain whether new substances were safe or deadly."



Rodger in the San Francisco Bulletin

His modern rival

To the Pole by Airplane

NO word has come from Amundsen, Ellsworth, and their four companions at this writing, four and a half days since they flew on their venture to the North Pole. Their planes may be wrecked; they may be returning by way of Alaska or Greenland; they may be retracing their way on foot with their light sledge and aided by their folding boat.

It would seem only reasonable and prudent that Amundsen should have indicated to those closely associated with him what his probable course would be in each of the most likely situations in which he might find himself. But no such indication has been made public. On the contrary, divergent views are offered by those best informed. One airman with Polar experience, Captain Ellis, goes so far as to say that Amundsen, in his opinion, could never have seriously expected to return by air, and that he is now journeying back to Spitzbergen (over 500 miles), with good chances of subsisting by shooting the Arctic animals. Fridjof Nansen, the famous Norwegian explorer, was quoted in press despatches of May 26 as saying: "Nobody in Norway is anxious regarding the fate of Amundsen. He is capable of handling himself under difficulties and hindrances of any kind. There is no reason to feel nervous about him." A brother-in-law of Ellsworth believes that the goal was Alaska.

Meanwhile plans of rescue have been under discussion. The MacMillan expedition, which planned to start this summer on an extensive journey over unexplored regions north of Greenland, will, if needed, make the rescue of the Amundsen party a paramount object.

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The foreign spirits

(Merchant of Venice, Act II, Scene 1)

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

Sam loses nine more friends in Europe

From Richard E. Ackland, Columbus, O.

Orr in the Chicago Daily Tribune

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.; Copyright, 1925, by the Chicago Tribune

While the fire rages

From May E. Clemow, Dillon, Mont.

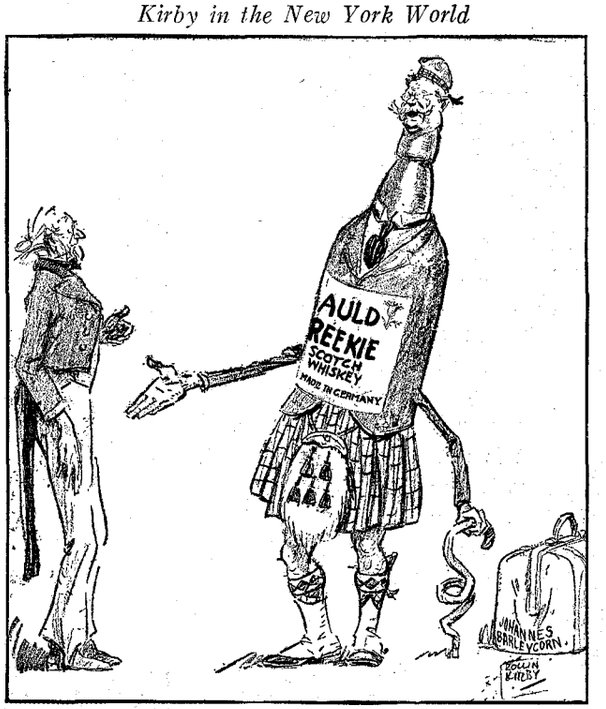
Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

THE FAMILY IS SO FOND OF HIM THAT WE ALLOWED HIM THIS FREEDOM - HE CAN DREAM AND PRANCE AND KICK UP HIS HEELS BUT HE CAN'T GO ANYWHERE
VON HINDENBURG THE OLD FAMILY WAR HORSE
HONORS OF OFFICE
PRESIDENCY
GERMANY
DAWES REPARATION PLAN
GERMANY'S NEED OF WORLD MARKETS
FRENCH SUSPICION
CONTROL OF REICHSTAG BY SOCIAL DEMOCRATS
GERMANY'S NEED OF WORLD CREDIT
WORLD OPINION

The move is more sentimental than warlike

From Miss Madge Sullivant, Fort Scott, Kan.

Kirby in the New York World



"Hoot, mein herr"

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

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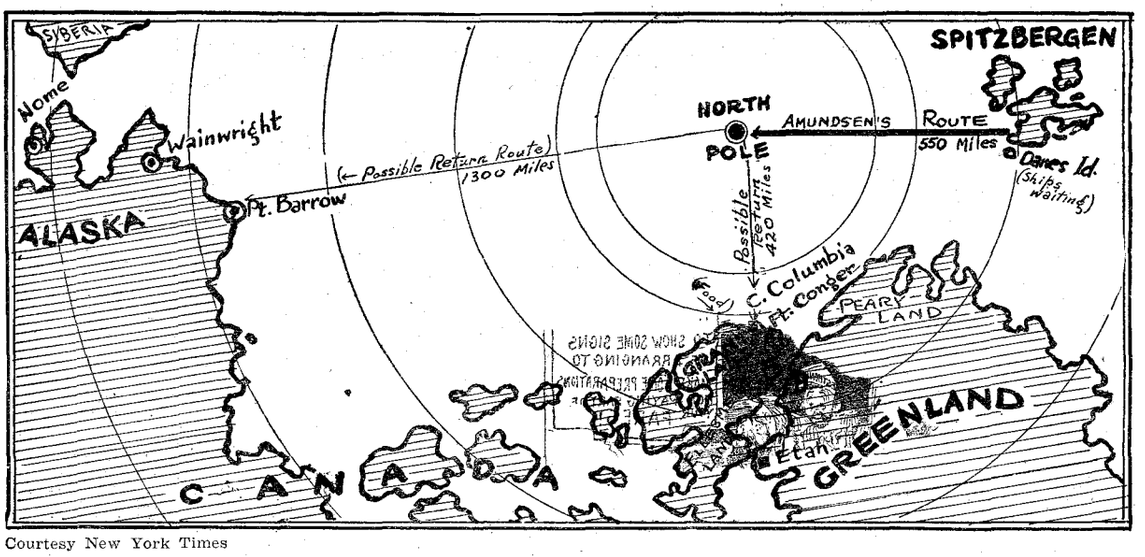


Courtesy New York Times

Whether the Amundsen party is trying to return by way of Spitzbergen, Cape Columbia in Greenland, or Point Barrow in Alaska, was in doubt on May 26

Our naval authorities believe that it is practical to use one of our great dirigibles, the Shenandoah or the Los Angeles, in the search if our Government is asked to do so by Norway, which is officially sponsoring the Amundsen project. But it is thought that, if a dirigible is used, a "mother ship," one with a mooring mast, would have to be sent to a point well north, to which the dirigible could return. A relief expedition from Norway, it is also said, is being planned.

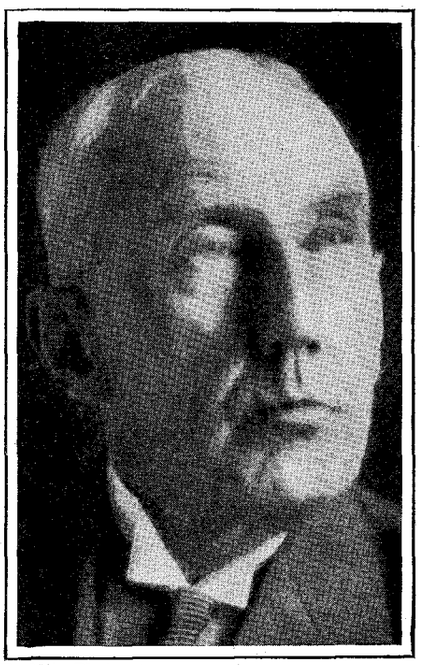
There is a remarkably hopeful tone in the comments of experts and explorers as to the safety of the Polar party. It is most sincerely to be wished that this may be justified by good news—quite possibly before these lines are read, yet not at all improbably only after a lapse of weeks, while the expedition is struggling with ice and water. The confidence in Amundsen's judgment and experience is strong among those best qualified to express opinions and goes far to account for the hopeful tone of their comment.

The interest and sympathy of the whole world has been aroused, and this even though there are many who feel that the danger incurred in this courageous feat is out of proportion to the addition to human knowledge likely to result from this particular form of exploration. Brave deeds of intrepid men will always excite admiration and inspire the spirit of heroic attainment.

Another Jolt to the Majority

THE death of United States Senator Selden P. Spencer, of Missouri, removes from the Senate an active and able supporter of the Administration. Senator Spencer was too new to the Senate to have achieved a record comparable with that of many others no older or abler than himself, but he had done excellent work along a number of lines.

Selden P. Spencer might have come to the Senate much earlier than he did had political conditions in his State been different. From the Civil War until quite recently Missouri was politically a part of the "Solid South." Spencer was one of the first Republicans to win high political office. He had a prominent part in divorcing Missouri from the bloc of States which had so long continued almost solidly Democratic so far as representation in the two houses of Congress was concerned. He defeated two Democratic giants, first the late Joseph W. Folk for an unexpired term and later Breckenridge Long for a full term. He succeeded to the seat of Senator Stone, who was the successor of Senator Vest.



P. & A. Photos

Roald Amundsen

For Administration Republicans the death of Senator Spencer raises the question of whether or not the gain made in Missouri can be held. Missouri has never regarded itself as permanently in the Republican ranks. There would have been difficulty in re-electing Senator Spencer had he lived to the end of his term. The Democrats, too, have ordinarily been more fortunate in off-year elections than in regular elections. They probably have a better chance of returning a Democrat to the Senate now than they would have had next year, when Senator Spencer would have come up for re-election.

The fight for Senator Spencer's seat will undoubtedly be unusually active. The dependable Republican majority in the Senate is not large enough to permit the loss of a seat without the making of every effort to retain it.

The Federal Trade Commission

SOME of those who heretofore have been friends of the Federal Trade Commission now propose to abolish it. It is no longer useful, they say, because it has come too much under the influence of those who formerly were its enemies. Senators Borah and Norris recently have given expression to this opinion. "The Commission," Senator Borah said, "is no longer a protection to the small business interests; the purpose of its creation cannot under the existing conditions be realized." Many Democrats, if not the Democratic organization in Congress, are said to be of the same way of thinking, and a bill for abolition

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of the Commission will probably be introduced, with some chance of passage, at the next session of Congress.

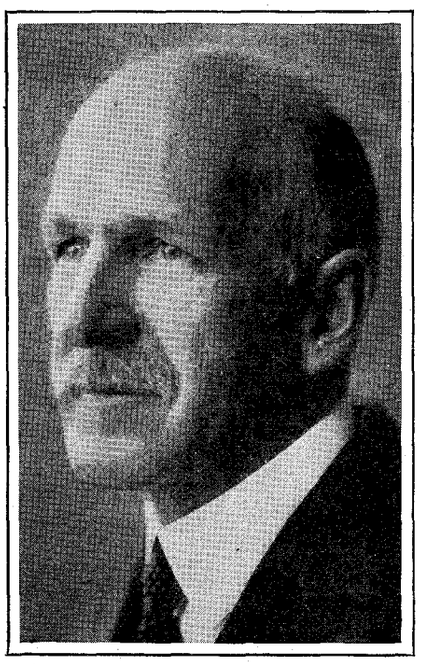
The cause of this changed attitude is not difficult to find. There have been changes in the personnel of the Commission, and as a result changes in methods. These changes undoubtedly are radical, though whether they will lessen or increase the usefulness of the Commission is a matter of opinion. William E. Humphrey, the newest member of the Commission, quite promptly made himself powerful in its affairs. He believes that much of the work of the Commission heretofore has been detrimental to the Nation's business. He has brought about a revision of the rules of operation and has stopped publicity on the issuance of complaints, believing that such publicity frequently brands a man as guilty of an offense when in fact he is innocent. Commissioner Humphrey has not been gentle in his characterization of previous activities. "So far as I can prevent it," he recently said, "the Federal Trade Commission is not going to be used as a publicity bureau to spread Socialistic propaganda." Those who believe in the methods heretofore pursued retort by saying that Commissioner Humphrey is a reactionary—indeed, a survival of what twenty years ago was called Cannonism—and that the changes he has made will render the Commission innocuous.

Probably both sides are extreme in their views. The Federal Trade Commission, created by a Democratic Congress during the Wilson Administration, has served a useful purpose. Publicity is the only corrective weapon with which the law arms it, and this weapon may have been at times too much used, but there does not appear to be any solid ground for the belief that it ever was a spreader of Socialistic propaganda. Commissioner Humphrey is probably bringing about changes that are too sweeping, but it is not likely that, even if he desired to, he could permanently destroy the usefulness of the Commission. Borah and Norris and the others who accept their view have been too hasty in their demand that the Commission be abolished because changes in its methods are in progress. Probably the methods of the Commission needed some overhauling and there can be little doubt that the law under which it operates needs revision. The exercise of patience on both sides until the machinery can be adjusted would be the part of wisdom. Any bill that may be introduced ought to have as its object, not abolition of the Commission, but such redirection as is necessary.

The Chamber and the Court

"THE American people are clearly in favor of a Court of International Justice."

This is the declaration of the United States Chamber of Commerce, made through its International Affairs Committee at the recent annual meeting in Washington. The information, if it is accurate, ought to remove a weight of worry from the shoulders of numerous politicians, in and out of Congress, who have been unable to make up their minds as to what the public mind is on this question. The Chamber of Commerce is not the accredited spokesman of the people of the United States, but it does speak with large measure of authority for American business. In view of this declaration, there is little room for doubt that the business men of the United States are clearly in favor of a Court of International Justice, and that signifies a great deal—in Congress and out. The demand of the Chamber that the United States adhere to the World Court of International Justice on the terms proposed by President Coolidge will have an effect. It is hardly too much to say that the mere making of the declaration brings the Nation a step nearer to a goal that for a long time has been inevitable. President Coolidge was able to feel, in advance of most others in Washington, the desire of the American people in this regard.



Underwood

Dr. Charles R. Erdman, choice of the Presbyterians

The report of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Chamber probably will affect our foreign policy in other details than that of adherence to the World Court. Most notably, it is likely to be reflected in new tariff legislation. Our National prosperity, the report says, is becoming increasingly dependent upon finding markets for manufactured goods, and to find those markets we must have "favorable treatment in the tariffs of the world." A policy of tariff bargaining is advocated.

American business fixes the terms of the United States tariff laws. It has been said by the enemies of the present and past laws that particular business interests dictated the schedules. That has probably never been in the sinister sense true, but it is properly true that the general interests of business fix the terms. The need of foreign markets for increasing quantities of our products is felt by the producer of farm products no less than by the producer of manufactured products.

Toleration Means Peace

AT least two events in the Presbyterian General Assembly at Columbus gave proof that there is room in the Church for differences as to non-essential matters and for difference also in deciding what is not essential and what is essential. No such situation, in other words, now exists within the Church that it is necessary to sacrifice harmony and unity in order that conservatives may evict the liberals or for the liberals to overthrow the conservatives.

One of these events was the election of the Moderator. To listen to that distinguished layman, William Jennings Bryan, in his utterances before the meeting of the General Assembly he was all for the "thorough" method. But once Mr. Bryan reached the scene of the great church gathering, his voice was all for moderation. It is true that his idea of moderation was the election of a moderate Fundamentalist as Moderator. The General Assembly agreed with him perfectly as to the quality of moderation in its presiding officer, but differed from him in that it saw fit to choose a moderate Modernist. Dr. Charles R. Erdman was cordially supported by delegates of both schools of doctrine, and his

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choice makes for unity and peace within the Church.

Another sign of peace and toleration was seen when the attack upon the New York Presbytery for sanctioning the pastorate of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick over the First Presbyterian Church of New York City was "side-tracked," as it would be called in a political conference, although technically it may come back to plague this or some other General Assembly.

A notable utterance in favor of liberality in allowing every man, minister or layman, to think for himself within reasonable limits was that of Dr. Coffin, of New York. In an address outside the Assembly he said that both conservatives and liberals were needed, and that the Church always had had and ought to have in its ministry the two types of mind. He pointed out that more than once the two elements have not found each other congenial or even tolerable, and, after telling the history of the divisions that have thus occurred, he commented: "If our history teaches anything, it is surely the crippling folly of casting forth any company of its ministers or members."

Broadcasting the Commons

MACAULAY'S New Zealander standing on Westminster Bridge two thousand years from now could hardly be a more surprised man than would Dr. Samuel Johnson if he could have read the announcement which appeared in the press recently that the British House of Commons was contemplating the setting up of a select committee of both houses to consider the question of permitting the proceedings of Parliament to be broadcast.

In the days when Johnson, then a young struggling writer, wrote the brilliant reports of what occurred in the House for Cave, the editor of the "Gentlemen's Magazine," he depended for his information upon the gossip of the ushers and such word as he could pick up from some friend at court; for the most part he depended upon a brilliant imagination. The House vigorously resented this reporting. Its heavy hand went out against Cave, as it did against a long succession of others. It even brought about the imprisonment of a Lord Mayor of London on one occasion for refusing to prosecute a delinquent reporter, but in the end the press and public won, and for nearly a hundred years now the right of the public to know what happens in the House has never been questioned.

Nevertheless the curious tradition that the House deliberates in private is jealously maintained. No one save members of the House is ever regarded as being actually present, and it is still the privilege of any member of the House to "spy strangers," as it is still the privilege of the Speaker, although practically never exercised, to clear the galleries at the request of a member who has "spied strangers" and drawn attention to the House of the undesirability of their presence. Yet the House to-day is seriously contemplating the possibility of having its deliberations broadcast. Truly, times change, and we change with them.

Unemployment and Emigration

GREAT BRITAIN is still faced with the problem of unemployment in a very acute form. Considerably over one million people who ought to be working are unable to find employment and are subsisting on doles or on charity. It is a condition which has obtained since demobilization, and, although lessening in some seasons and increasing in others, the average number of unemployed remains fairly constant. In order to deal with the question many drastic proposals have been considered, and among these the question of emigration has naturally figured largely.

It was as far back as May, 1922, that the Empire Settlement Act became law. Under this act the British Government, co-operating with the Dominion Governments, agreed to provide assistance in various forms to those wishing to migrate to the overseas Dominions. A specific plan to put this act into operation as far as Australia is concerned has just come into effect, and arrangements are to be made for transferring British citizens and their families to the number of nearly half a million to Australia in ten years. Australia undertakes to spend about $200,000,000 in preparing lands for the settlers, while the Imperial Government agrees to bear the cost of transportation. The plan represents one of the courageous moves that the situation undoubtedly demands; nevertheless the difficulties in the way of success cannot be overlooked.

The opening up of vast tracks of new land in Australia can only be successful in proportion as markets for the produce of such land are available. With Europe in general and Russia in particular gradually coming back as producers on a large scale, the question of markets becomes a serious problem. It can of course only be met by a general revival of world prosperity, and this in turn depends on a wider achievement of world settlement.

Another difficulty in the way, as far as Great Britain is concerned, is that those desiring to take advantage of the emigration scheme are likely to be those whom she can least spare. The Dominions do not welcome unskilled and ordinary workmen. They prefer men and women of some means and a genuine ambition—those, in a word, who will contribute to colony development. They most emphatically do not want immigrants actually or potentially belonging to the unemployable class. It is indeed a curious fact that already in Great Britain, with all her vast unemployment, many of the skilled trades such as bricklayers, carpenters, joiners, and masons are short-handed.

The working out of the scheme will be watched with keenest interest, not only throughout the British Empire, but throughout the world generally. The solution of the British unemployment problem along these lines will solve many other problems hardly less acute.

Japan's Land Bill

JAPAN'S recent Land Bill represents one of the most momentous departures from fixed policy that Japan has undertaken in recent years. Hitherto the whole effort of the Japanese governing classes has been to secure all expansion and meet all Japan's expanding needs through Japanese sources. At all hazards, the faith of the Japanese masses in the superiority of their race to the rest of the world had to be maintained. Everything possible was done to prevent the foreigner from figuring prominently in Japanese life.

As a consequence of this policy, the Japanese Land Law, which prevented the owning of land by foreigners, was rigidly maintained. No foreign manufacturer, no matter how much capital he might be able to command, and no matter how much wealth his establishment in the country might bring, could set up works of his own in Japan. Everything had to be done through Japanese agents.

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The law was, of course, in a number of cases, largely with the connivance of the Government, evaded. Such connivance, however, could only be secured because the result was the establishment of a business ostensibly run by Japanese. The new Land Law removes this disability from foreigners as far as the owning of land is concerned.

The new law, however, is on a reciprocal basis. Only citizens of those countries that allow Japanese to own land are now permitted to hold land in Japan. There is already a tendency to see in this latter provision merely a natural reaction to the policy of the Pacific coast. The whole intention of Japan, however, goes much deeper than this, and the effect of the new Land Law is likely to be much more important than some commentators seem to think. The fact is that Japan is desperately in need of foreign capital. Not only has recovery from the disaster of 1923 been long delayed, but, as a well-known authority writing from Tokyo to a representative of this paper recently declared, Japanese statesmen are coming to see that the earthquake of eighteen months ago only brought to the head a condition which ultimately must have obtained. For years before the earthquake Japan had been living in a financial fool's paradise; the disaster of 1923 disclosed the fact with startling suddenness, and to-day responsible Japanese are beginning to recognize that Japan can never hope to get on her feet again without the aid of foreign capital. As a consequence, Japan wisely reverses her exclusion policy; throws open her doors to the foreign capitalist, and practically invites him to come to Japan and develop anything and everything he can lay his hands on.

Now, any one who looks far enough ahead sees that the Orient is the great market of the future, and those who are early in the field in the matter of supplying this market will reap the great rewards. Because of State laws prohibiting Japanese ownership of land, Americans may be automatically excluded from this development. The question is, Will the United States rest content with this exclusion? The Pacific coast does not want the Japanese; any one who knows the Pacific coast can readily understand why, and can hardly fail to indorse its attitude. Manufacturers, however, may want a share of the opportunities that are opened out by the new Land Bill. Will American exporters rest content with such deprivation as may be involved in order that the Pacific coast may maintain its present policy of exclusion? Or, to put the question another way, will the interest in keeping America American be strong enough to withstand commercial pressure?

Hoover Blazes the Trail

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE HOOVER indicts the Federal Government much more severely and more sweepingly than any outsider has recently done for acts of oppressive bureaucracy. All that newspapers and magazines, with professional reformers thrown in for good measure, have said concerning individual instances of bureaucracy is of little consequence compared with the all-embracing indictment which Mr. Hoover drew in his recent address before the United States Chamber of Commerce. Executive officers of the Government, he said, have power over the people which is "oppressive not only in theory but in fact." He referred to the system of organization as "a hodgepodge arrangement," again as "a conglomerate bureaucracy," and still again as "a chaos of function."

The object of the Secretary of Commerce in saying unpleasant things about the Government of which he is an important part was exactly the same that other critics have had in dealing with the matter less extensively—that is to say, the correction of the evils pointed out. Other critics, outside the Government, have been accused not infrequently of enmity toward the established order and of ill-considered objection to acts of Governmental agencies. Such an accusation cannot well be made against Secretary Hoover. Nobody can believe that he bears enmity toward the Government of which he is a part. Any suspicion that his criticisms are ill considered is quieted by the fact that he outlined in the same address a cure for the evils through a system of reorganization which by its completeness of detail and depth of reasoning shows that he has given profound consideration to the whole subject.

Secretary Hoover's proposal of a remedy is as sweeping as his diagnosis of the disease, and it is surgical rather than medicinal. "Every single department, bureau, and board in the entire Government," he said, "should be placed upon the operating table and a clean-cut separation established between semi-judicial and semi-legislative functions on the one hand and administration on the other."

The Secretary leaves no room for doubt that the confusion of duties not administrative with those purely administrative is both widespread and deep-rooted. Not only, he says, are the executive departments loaded down with semi-judicial and semi-legislative duties, but the basic principle of all sound administration is violated by reversing the natural process. Administration ought to be the work of individual executives, and semi-judicial and semi-legislative duties should be made the work of joint minds of boards and commissions; but the exact reverse is true in many cases in the Federal organization. "There is not a single successful business organization in the country," said Mr. Hoover, "that confuses such functions the way we do in Government." He believes that the acts leading to the Veterans' Bureau scandal could never have been committed but for this confusion of functions.

The scattering of similar duties among many agencies is pointed out as no less an evil than the confusion of functions. "No policy of real guardianship of our reserve resources," Mr. Hoover said, "can exist until we put all conservation business in the hands of an under-secretary of conservation with the spotlight of public opinion constantly focused upon him." The oil lease scandals, he thinks, constitute a fair example of what may occur from the lack of centralized responsibility for conservation. It is pointed out that eight bureaus have to do with conservation and that they are scattered through five departments. The same situation exists as to numerous other essential activities of the Government.

Mr. Hoover would make three fundamental changes in organization. First, he would group together all agencies having the same predominant major purpose. Second, he would separate the semi-judicial, semi-legislative, and advisory functions from the administrative functions, "placing the former under joint minds and the latter under single responsibility." Third, he would relieve the President of direct administrative labor by placing all independent bureaus and the like in appropriate departments under the charge of a Cabinet officer.

If these things can be done, Secretary

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Hoover says, the saving to the taxpayers will be tremendously greater than all of the economies that have been effected thus far. The cost to the people of "conglomerate bureaucracy" he finds to be not merely the unnecessarily high cost of maintaining the Government establishments but the indirect, and perhaps heavier, expense to which people are put because of the "oppression" to which their Government subjects them.

The Hoover plan for reorganization is more comprehensive and more fundamental than any of the plans previously proposed. All of the others have failed of adoption because, as Mr. Hoover says, every item in them "has met with opposition of some vested official or vested habit or organized majority." All organized propaganda groups, he says, are in favor of every item of reorganization except that which affects the activity in which they are directly interested, but so numerous are the propaganda groups that opposition results to every item of a reorganization plan. Yet Mr. Hoover hopes for better results in the future. He points out that Congress was courageous enough to remove the Civil Service from politics. He hopes it may be courageous enough to authorize reorganization of the administrative arm of the Government.

If Secretary Hoover continues as he has started, and if he has the support of all those who at one time or another have pointed out some small part of the evil on which he now turns the light, Congress may find courage to act.

Will the Romanoffs Return?

IT is a dramatic story which Professor Charles Sarolea tells, in this issue of The Outlook, of the tragic failure of the Bolshevist Government to bring peace and justice to Russia's millions. The solution which he offers for her suffering is one which finds precedent in the development of revolutionary movements of the past. The pendulum of government, once set violently swinging, goes from extreme to extreme until at last it settles to rest. The duration of the period of oscillation is governed by national temperament, national tradition, and national intelligence. The pendulum of Russian politics has undoubtedly begun to retrace its course. How far will it travel before it attains to ultimate stability?

Professor Charles Sarolea and many others believe that the pendulum in its course will find a new monarchy established in Petrograd—a Romanoff again on the throne. Such an eventuality is certainly not outside the realm of the possible. Perhaps Russia is not yet ready for a successful government of a more advanced type than a constitutional monarchy. Before Professor Charles Sarolea's conclusions are accepted in full, however, it should be noted that the distinguished publicist bases many of his conclusions upon "voices of the Russians outside Russia." The tragic suffering of these expatriates (whether they were forced to flee because they believed in no revolution at all or in a revolution not to the liking of the Bolshevists) may not make them the best judges in the world of conditions inside the ancient domain which the Little Father and his Court once held in the hollows of their hands. The time is not wholly ripe for prophecy, but the voices of the prophets are worth more than a passing thought.

Soliloquies and Solecisms

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

I RAN across a solecism the other day in a book of essays by a prominent college president—a solecism which strikes my ear as unpleasantly as the use of the word "like" for the word "as" in a sentence of comparison. The man who says, "Henry James writes English like Joseph Conrad does" exposes a lamentable ignorance of good English usage. Next to the grammatical sin of this misuse of "like" comes that of substituting "will" for "shall" in a sentence implying, not volition, but futurity. I know very little, I am sorry to say, about the rules of English grammar, and I cannot parse the sentence "James writes like Conrad does" any more than I can parse the famous exclamation of the Frenchman who, on falling overboard, cried out in despair, "Nobody shall help me! I will drown!" But I think I do know what "good usage" demands of speakers and writers.

But to go back to the college president. The other day I picked up in a club library a little volume of essays entitled "A Defence of Prejudice," by the President of one of our oldest and most respected universities. To be sure the book was written before the author became President of his institution and while he was still Professor of Logic, but that seems to me rather to emphasize than to excuse his offense. In the particular essay in which the faulty diction occurs the author argues that "a prejudice is not always an unreasonable judgment; it may be merely a judgment that is unreasoned." And then he adds: "I think we will all recognize a similar mental experience if we stop to challenge our opinions concerning the character of a person or of a period in history." Now I accuse him of having committed a crime in diction of which no logician should ever be guilty—the crime of conveying into the minds of his readers the idea of volition by the words "we will" instead of the idea of futurity, as he should have done, by the use of the words "we shall." However, as I have already confessed that I am not a grammarian, it may be that my judgment in this case is as unreasonable as it is unreasoned, and therefore amounts to an indefensible prejudice on my part. If there are any grammarians among my readers, perhaps they can help me out.

IN the realm of humorous stories there truly appears to be nothing new under the sun. In the readable department called "An Attic Salt Shaker" which appears weekly in the literary pages of the New York "Evening Post" there was recently ascribed to Dr. William E. Barton's "Life of Abraham Lincoln" the story of a Governor of a certain State who, on visiting the State Prison, found that every prisoner save one claimed to be the innocent victim of mistaken justice. One prisoner, however, admitted his crime and the justice of his sentence. "I must pardon you," said the Governor. "I can't have you in here corrupting all these good men." The story had a reminiscent sound, and I finally found it in my copy of the "Familiar Letters of James Howell," where I had marked it as a pleasant anecdote some thirty years ago. Writing from Barcelona to a friend in Eng-

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land in November, 1620, Howell tells the story in this form:

The Duke of Ossuna pass'd by here lately, and having got leave of grace to release some slaves, he went aboard the Cape galleys, and passing thro' the *Churma* of slaves, he ask'd divers of them what their offenses were. Every one excus'd himself; one saying that he was put in out of malice, another by bribery of the judge, but all of them unjustly. Amongst the rest there was one little sturdy black man, and the Duke asking him what he was in for; "Sir," said he, "I cannot deny but I am justly put in here, for I wanted money, and so took a purse hard by Tarragona to keep me from starving." The Duke with a little staff that he had in his hand, gave him two or three blows upon the shoulder, saying, "You rogue, what do you do amongst so many honest innocent men? get you gone out of their company." So he was freed and the rest remain'd still *in statu quo prius,* to tug at the oar.

Although the story is at least two hundred years old, I am glad Dr. Barton told it in the modern form, because it gave me an occasion to browse again in the letters of that epistolary genius, "the priggish little clerk of King Charles's Council," to use Thackeray's phrase. Thackeray, by the way, called the Essays of Montaigne and the Letters of Howell his "bedside books," adding: "If I wake at night, I have one or other of them to prattle me to sleep again. They talk about themselves forever, and don't weary me."

THIS is about the season for "College Board" examinations. They are a terror alike to teachers, parents, and candidates. It is generally accepted as a fact, I think, that our preparatory schools, both public and private, have pretty nearly become mere machines for turning out boys and girls who can win a passing mark from the "College Boards." Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, in his report for 1924 suggests as a provisional solution of the problem, which is vexing school and college teachers throughout the country, that college entrance examinations should be based upon the following test subjects:

I. The correct spelling, writing, and pronunciation of the English language.

II. The reading of 25 selected books each year (not with a teacher), and a discussion of their contents by each applicant.

III. Elementary mathematics, including arithmetic, plane geometry, and mechanical drawing.

IV. The Constitution and Government of the United States, with special reference to the duties of citizenship.

Tests in subjects II, III, and IV would involve possession of the training indicated in subject I.

These are simple, elementary, and lie at the basis of any education for straight thinking and for American citizenship. They ought to be the intellectual tools of any high school graduate. They form the indispensable equipment of every college student. As a matter of fact, if these requirements were imposed with strictness on college students of to-day, their enforcement would depopulate the colleges!

The suggestion deserves the most respectful consideration. The only query I would raise about the scheme is that it seems to make no provision for Latin or for any modern foreign language. Every student in a college of the liberal arts ought to know something about Latin (if he does cross-word puzzles, familiarity with the Greek alphabet will not come amiss!), and should be able to read fluently at least one contemporary foreign language. Scientific and commercial students in after life will find a knowledge of French and Spanish extremely useful. In view of the disturbed public opinion over the election of General von Hindenburg, I refrain from mentioning German! A high school student who will honestly read each year twenty-five good books in English for four years will have a sound foundation in the literature, history, and biography of his country's tongue. I wish Dr. Pritchett would amplify his views as to how a candidate for college may get a start in other literatures.

Bryan at Sixty-Five

By DIXON MERRITT

A lifelong Democrat grieves over a party prophet of his youth

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN'S recent tour of the colleges, telling young people that they are hell-bent and hell-bound, his brawling over the Moderatorship of the Presbyterian General Assembly, his proffer of his name to convict a boy in my native State for teaching what the great minds of the world approve, his eager zeal to thrust himself into every fight for what he calls fundamental things—all of this has sent my memory back over the uneven path of twenty-nine years since I first heard his name.

When I first heard the name of William Jennings Bryan, I spoke it myself. I had read it half an hour before in a daily newspaper which belonged to a country doctor.

It was a soft afternoon of early summer. Freedom from school was new enough that the slavery of doing chores seemed to impose fetters so light that they might have been of the garments of Liberty herself. My mother had sent me to the store with a basket of eggs to be bartered for sugar and coffee. Going, when a smooth road should have been chosen for the safety of the eggs, I took the path through the woods, over boulders, in and out of rugged ravines. But on the return, when there was nothing to break, I trod the even way of the turnpike road, and that brought me to speak, with what difficulty shall later appear, the name of William Jennings Bryan.

The exchange of the fruit of the nests for the makings of mahogany nectar took longer that day than usual, for my arrival at the store was coincident with that of Sam Smith and the little claybank horse that I afterwards calculated had trotted twice around the world, or a distance equal to that. Sam Smith was the shadow man, thin beyond belief, who had been time out of mind mail carrier, and came once a day to that country store where the old merchant of the long red beard was also postmaster. I waited on a bag of wool, my egg basket between my knees, while he sorted out the mail and canceled it. I can hear yet the queer, uneven sound, suggestive of the trotting of a horse with two feet newly shod and two bare, of the old-fashioned canceling apparatus as it fell first on the inking-pad and then on the pile of letters.

But Dr. Powell, favored as a country doctor comes to be by reason of the fact

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that he may not loiter long anywhere, got his paper before the letters were sorted. He had hardly finished the first column—that was before the days of headline scanning, in country communities, at least—when he was asked for advice about an aching tooth and went onto the porch for the sake of the better light, leaving the paper in my hands.

A newspaper meant less to me then than it has during most of the years since, and I did nothing more than to glance over the front page, reading a paragraph here and there and paying little attention to any of them. There were columns of type about a meeting the Democrats were holding in Chicago and much mention of a man as "the nominee." There was a picture of him labeled "The boy orator of the Platte."

The doctor returned for his paper. Mr. Harrington, puffing through his red beard, handed me my basket with its brown-paper-wrapped parcels. And I put out up the pike, which ran past the schoolhouse and the master's home, hard by. The old master stood on the steps, and it occurred to me that he was not enjoying vacation very much because he still ran his fingers through his hair and ruffled it just as he did in the schoolroom when a knotty problem was to solve. I could not know that his ardent Democracy was worrying him as to whom his party would nominate in Chicago. The time I am speaking of, you ought to know unless you are very young, was a long time ago. There was not a telephone in the county outside of the courthouse town. There were no rural routes. Newspapers were to be got only by going to the post office for them—and not many of them came there.

"Did you hear anything at the store," the master called, "about the Democratic Convention?"

I told him I had read something about it in Dr. Powell's paper. He demanded to know if they had made a nomination, and I told him they had. He asked for the name. I had forgotten it.

"Was it Bland?"

"No," I said, "it wasn't Bland."

"Was it Boise?"

"No, it wasn't Boise, but it begins with B."

"Oh, pshaw!" said the master; "there is no other candidate whose name begins with B."

"What," I asked, "was the name of that old preacher who came down here from De Kalb County and held a revival two or three years ago?"

The seeming irrelevancy of the question clearly annoyed the master, but he answered:

"William James Bryan."

"Well," I said, "this fellow's name is William Jennings Bryan."

I could see that the master did not put much faith in what I said, and I hurried on up the road, offended. It was the first time either of us had ever heard the name. The master did not live to get through hearing it, and I probably shall not either. It is a persistent name.

THE slang-makers had not then fallen upon the term, "butting in," but it was by virtue of that act that the name of the Democratic nominee in 1896 began with B and was neither Bland nor Boise, though there was no other candidate whose name began with that letter. It has been the habit of Mr. Bryan's life. It has paid—in coin, to be sure, that many men would not accept as legal tender, but it has paid.

For many years after the incident here related I could not see that Mr. Bryan's stock in trade was obtruding himself. I was fired by the speeches he made in that campaign, being old enough to catch the glitter of eloquence, but not old enough to analyze the logic. Many people older than I were not old enough to do that, and some who were then grown are not old enough yet. When election day came in 1896, I drove a little chestnut mare over the countryside and carried to the polls old men who otherwise would not have voted. When he was again the nominee in 1900, I was in college, but I heard him speak in a great open square and carried a torchlight in a procession in his honor. When he was nominated in 1908, I was in the employ of the man who became secretary of the National Committee for the campaign. When he "butted in" at the Baltimore Convention of 1912 and forced the nomination of Wilson, I wrote an editorial applauding him. It was not until he became Secretary of State following the election of that year that I understood Mr. Bryan. Until then I was usually opposed to him between campaigns, but he frequently butted me off my feet in the crises. The butting strength of Bryan has been as the strength of ten, not so much because his heart is pure as because his neck is stiff.

CAME 1924 and the Democratic National Convention in New York. After the disorder and the disgrace of all those weary days of ignoble strivings of factions, that Convention did a fine thing finely when it nominated John W. Davis for President. The spirits of those who would have to bear the burden and the heat of the day through the campaign rose almost to normal. There was a rift in the clouds that augured a clear sky. The Convention was near its end. Nothing remained to be done except to clear away some odds and ends of resolutions and nominate a candidate for Vice-President.

At midnight the Convention recessed for an hour. Delegates and others went out into the streets and stood about in groups, chatting light-heartedly. The gloom of the nights and days preceding was dissipated. I went alone into Madison Square, sat on a bench and smoked.

When I came back to Madison Square Garden at ten minutes to one in the morning, an old friend with whom I had been closely associated in Washington during the war was standing huddled against the south wall. He was sobbing. Supposing that he had received some bad news from home, I put an arm about his shoulders and asked him what was the matter. Wiping the tears from his face, he said, "I wish to God old Bryan would stay away and leave us alone just once in our lives!"

He gave me the first notice I had that William Jennings Bryan had forced Brother Charles on the party as the running mate of Davis. The tragedy was consummated a few minutes later in another scene of disorder. The rift in the cloud had closed. Darkness had settled down permanently on the hopes of the Democracy.

Bryan at sixty-five—no longer the boy orator of the Platte, but the chronic scold of the Suwanee—maintains hardly diminished powers as a "butter-in." If his neck is somewhat less stiff than once it was, his head is harder and he uses it more indiscriminately. Then his insistence was merely on ruling or wrecking his political party. Now he asserts his right to rule the church and the school—and goes his full length toward ruining them. Those who look lightly upon Bryan's interference in religion and education are not wise. His "butting in" will not carry him to the goal. It never has. But it will enable him to muss things up mightily. It always has.

At the time of the Democratic National Convention last summer, William Allen White said to a little group at a luncheon table, "William Jennings Bryan, without thinking himself, has influenced the thinking of the American people more profoundly than any other man of this generation."

In the long run, Bryan influences people to think the way he does not think. Liberalism in religion and education will gain by the trouble he makes for it.

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The Landing at Beach F

By SIDNEY BALLOU

This article carries Sidney Ballou from the fleet to his personal and private invasion of the Hawaiian Islands. There will be more of his adventures next week

THE Southwest Coast Force of the invading Blues was at its station. Three big battleships, five destroyers led by the scout cruiser Omaha, and two transports of Marines were to stage a demonstration the primary purpose of which was to divert as many of the Black defenders as possible from the main landing to the northward.

Barber's Point light flashed its intermittent signals at us. We had figured that not even for maneuvers could this important commercial light be put out. There was no moon, but the tropic stars gave an appreciable light. The sea was calm. A landing force could wish no better weather.

Commander Koehler and I, who were to act as pilots and road markers, were lightly but picturesquely dressed in sweaters, duck trousers, and tennis shoes, with a kapok life-jacket outside and a bathing-suit beneath. At the last hour our little wherry had been disapproved and we had been assigned a motor whaleboat with a crew of five men. Into this we put our marker buoys and other gear, together with two suitcases filled with things we hoped to use ashore.

We all piled into the whaleboat as she still lay cradled on deck. A mammoth crane swung silently over us, a huge hook descended, and we were lifted bodily over the side and deposited in the inky-black water. A few kicks of the motor, and we were off.

Scarcely had we left the ship when a gun spoke from the West Virginia and concealment ended. The battleships were shelling the beach. The few light guns actually used gave but a faint imitation of what the real noise would be, but it was enough to put the defenders on notice. Some distance inshore the Omaha led her division of destroyers, parading up and down, with lights burning and guns barking. We gave this procession a wide berth as we made our way in.

Well off the beach we waited and drifted. The Bobolink was to come in and establish herself accurately opposite the southern limit of Beach F, the Rail marking the northern end. We were ordered to base on the Bobolink, to reconnoiter and mark the southern line of such part of the beach as we found practicable.

The Southern Cross was low on the horizon, and soon set, but Castor and Pollux still remained to give us an approximate south. Barber's Point light winked knowingly. Guns ashore replied to the fire of our fleet, invisible airplanes buzzed overhead, and soon parachutes with great magnesium flares began to drift down, to help the searchlights find the hidden transports. Altogether the reception committee was giving us a spectacular welcome.

The Bobolink came out of the darkness and anchored. She had accumulated the Tennessee's beach-party boats on the way in, but we sent these over to find the Rail at the northern end, where they belonged. Our own boats were due at the Bobolink, but had not appeared.

At one o'clock our whaleboat started for the beach. The offshore fire still crackled, but by the firing schedule the beach was now safe and inland positions were being searched.

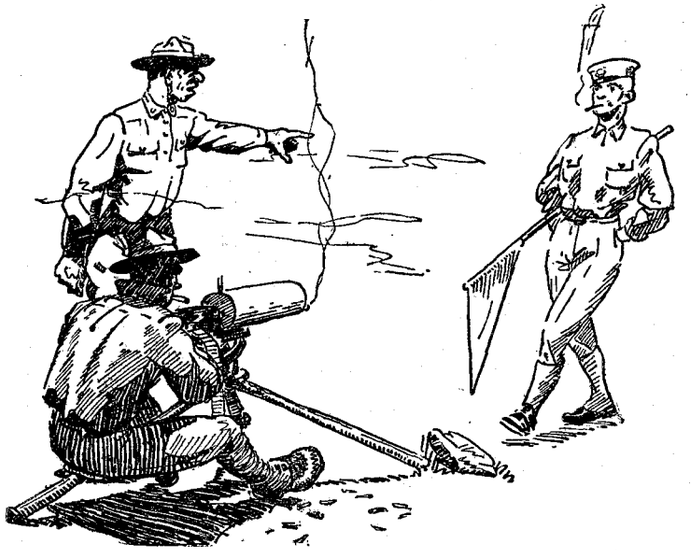
Suddenly we heard a new sound in the darkness, one which made the seamen sit up with startled alertness. It was a sullen roar followed by a heavy "boom," the unmistakable sound of heavy surf. It was an unpleasant surprise. We were on the lee of the big island; the sea was so calm that we had thought the weather picked for a landing. Yet from the beach for which we were heading came a sound usually associated with salty gales and flying spray.

A little farther, and we found the reason. A great ground swell was running, so slow as to be unnoticeable in deep water, but which we could now feel lifting our boat. In another minute we were in the midst of the high waves, and from my lookout in the bow I could see the great white breakers dashing on the coral reefs.

It was no place for a small boat. We ran along the coast a bit, taking the big waves at awkward angles. Our time was short, as another shelling of the beach was soon to begin, so finally we returned to the Bobolink. This time we found the beach-party boats of the West Virginia clustered alongside, with their crews snatching a few hours' sleep on the deck of the little mine-sweeper. We sent a radio back to the transports and the battleship to the effect that at present we had found landing impracticable, but that we would try again at daybreak, adding that all ships' boats were accounted for. Then we found a place on the crowded deck of the little tug, and with our kapok jackets for pillows, got a two-hour nap.

At four o'clock it was beginning to get light, and we started again. As we neared the beach there was no doubt that we were expected. Machine guns began to crackle from every bunch of algeroba trees on shore, with an occasional boom from what sounded like a three-inch field-piece. We could only hope that these defenders had been wiped out by the shell fire from the ships. Only the umpires could tell whether they or we were dead by this time, but it was certainly one or the other.

As dawn came we could see the whole



Brodrero in the Honolulu Advertiser

Destructive?—No, "Constructive"

"Black" Sergeant (indignantly): "Hey, you. You've been dead for half an hour. We've had this gun right on you all the time."

"Blue" Marine: "Dead, hell. I'm a tank battalion."

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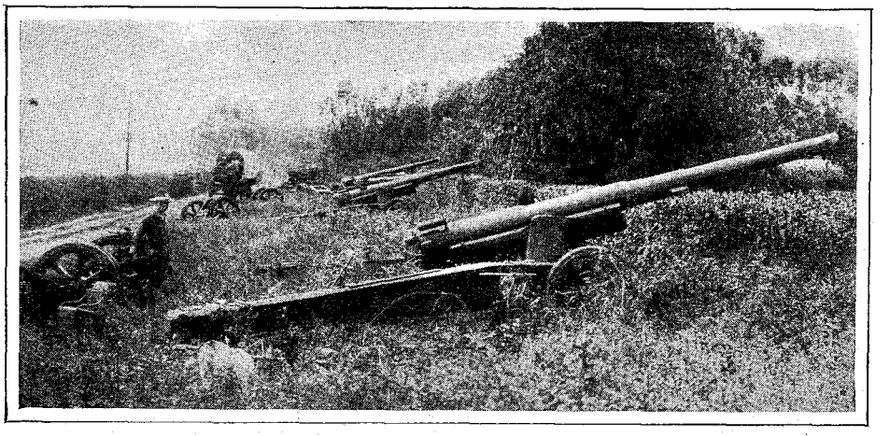

Field guns of the defending forces on Waialua

beach. The surf at the southern end was all we had pictured. Big waves were breaking on the coral half a mile from shore. Farther north, however, we saw two strips of sandy beach, and for these we headed. There was no outlying reef opposite, and we made our way in, sounding for depth of water and waving derisively as the hidden machine guns renewed their rattle. The surf was high, but it was breaking on shelving sand, and we decided that landing was practicable.

We rigged our marker buoys, and soon we had three little white flags dancing on the waves outside the combers. Then we hailed the West Virginia beach-party boats, which had followed along, and anchored them on the same line. They were to act as guides until the first wave of Marines came along and to go in with them. Lastly, we moved the Bobolink close to where the Rail had anchored and sent the Rail five hundred yards farther north.

Just as we got our traffic signals set we saw the first string of boats coming in from the transports. At almost the same instant we heard a whir of wings to the eastward. Circling out of Pearl Harbor, over Barber's Point light, came a great formation of planes, some eighteen in all, headed for our fleet. As we watched a second formation followed, then a third, and a fourth. The sky was black with the little hornets. I had seen something of flying circuses and formation flying, but nothing that looked so much like the dawn of air power as that great battalion of seventy-two planes that came out of the gray dawn that morning and went winging down the coast to seek the battleships.

We went over to examine conditions at the northern of our two beaches, and arrived just in time to see the first trouble. A large motor sailer, anchored by the bow, was trying to ease in when one of the big swells caught her, lifted her, anchor and all, and deposited her broadside on the beach. Men and gear spilled out in all directions. I caught a glimpse of the Pathé News man clinging valiantly to his camera as he went over the side.

We sped in to offer a line, but before we got there she was beyond our help. Each succeeding wave lifted her farther; she filled with water and soon was a hopeless wreck.

Our particular work was about over, and I began to think about getting ashore. I was to have no company; Koehler at the last minute had to report for duty on board ship. I asked him to turn me loose. We hailed one of the Tennessee's beach-party boats. Sailors with oars looked good to me after seeing the motor boats in the surf. I jumped into the bow, and Koehler threw our two suitcases after me. Stern first we eased in, and as we touched the sand all hands jumped overboard and seized the big boat by the gunwale. They had her under control, and put her upon the beach in sailorlike fashion.

The beach was a picturesque scene, though not very encouraging from a military view-point. The Marines had shed their wet clothing, and in various stages of undress were salvaging their gear from the wrecked boat or landing supplies from the others. Across a sunken road a party was already rigging a radio mast in a field of young sugar-cane. The Pathé News man, unmindful of his wetting, was optimistically grinding away as each new boat came through the surf. It was lost labor, as we afterwards learned that his films had been ruined. Incidentally, we lost two more boats on those beaches before the morning ended.

I retrieved my suitcases, with their constructive T.N.T., and sized up the situation for further action. Up the beach a group of the Black defenders had come out of their machine-gun nest to watch proceedings. I knew there was an umpire with them, and him I wished to avoid. The sunken road contained a plantation railway, and this seemed the most expeditious exit. With a suitcase in each hand, keeping under cover of the bank, I started down the track. Within a hundred yards the road curved away from the beach into the cane fields. My shore adventure had begun.

P. & A. Photos

The Marines get ashore at Barber's Point

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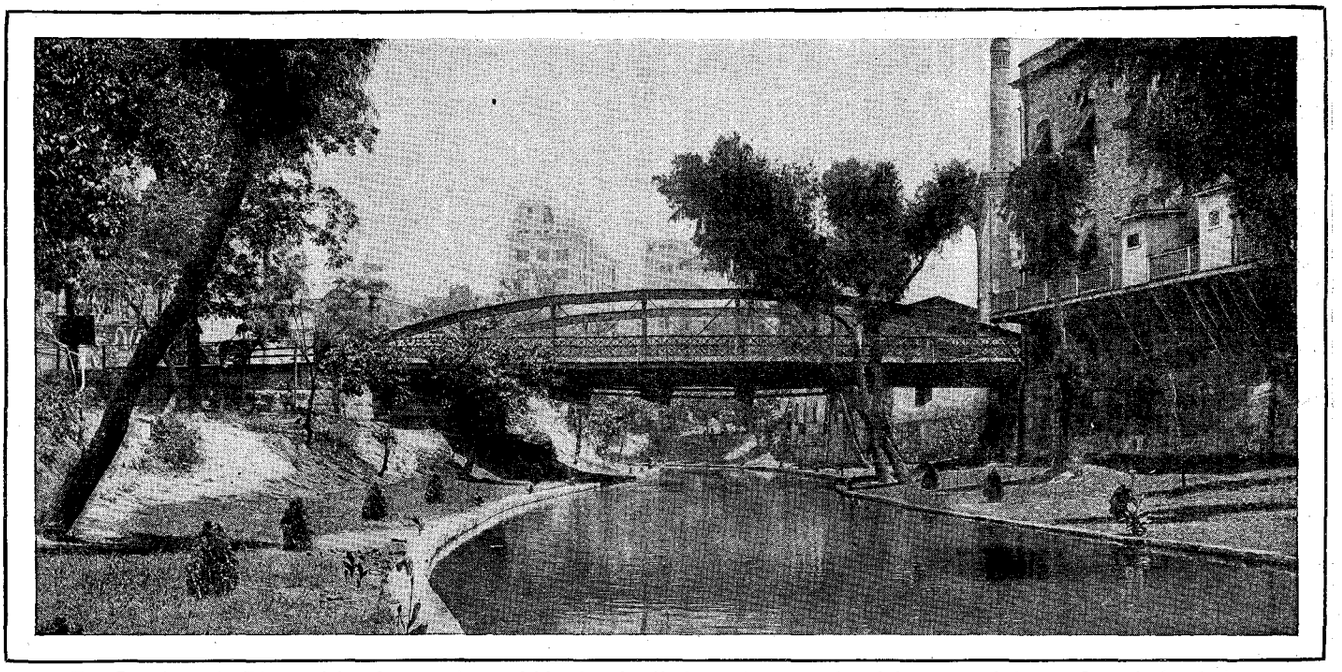

The San Antonio River, rising from springs within the city limits and crossed by eighty-seven bridges, flows in bordering parkways through the city itself. No drainage is allowed to pollute the waterways of San Antonio

Antonia and the Alamo

By GEORGE MARVIN

A self-sufficient American community growing from Spanish roots more than two hundred years old

BLAND is the word for San Antonio. The current Americanization of the Spanish name has changed the sex of the ancient city from the masculine patron saint to a Texas deity called "San Antonia." With much the same perversity do citizens of the State of proverbial skepticism refer to their commonwealth as "Missoura" and denizens of Mr. Bryan's bonanza settlement in the mangrove swamps of Florida term their real estate excitement "Myama." Nevertheless, masculine or feminine, bland is the word in English, just as for more than two hundred years "suave" has been the word for this locality in its native Spanish. Suave are the long heaving swells of its terrain, giving wide horizons from each low rise; suave the flow of the San Antonio River —still masculine—and its tributary, the San Pedro, welling up from crystal springs within the city limits, where the Indians camped on the long "Camino Real" from Mexico City before the beginning of American history, and meandering through green banks across the city, as "Alph, the sacred river, ran." Suave is the tranquil sunny air that breathes across the Texas pampas, and suave are the San Antonians, reflecting in their conduct and demeanor the blandness of the air they breathe. and the water they drink and bathe themselves in blandly. If it be true that 240,000 folks in these partially united States die annually from the hurry and worry of "Americanitis," the quota of San Antonians among them must surely be negligible.

On hot summer nights of May strong electric searchlights play across the palm-lined plaza, picking garishly out of the darkness the ancient Alamo, "cradle of Texas liberty," where Davy Crockett, Bowie, and Travis with their handful of patriots in 1836 made their last stand against Santa Anna and his four thousand. In the very heart of the city, it is the symbol of dead San Antonio, a mausoleum of memories, a white sepulcher in which are buried the two hundred years of Spanish language, of frontier ways, of Catholic domination, and of ingenuousness. In curious ways the heroes who once held it live on vigorously in local usage: "Crockett" is the most congested telephone central, the knives of Bowie are still carried by Texans, and the great cantonment on the sloping prairie beyond Fort Sam Houston is named after General Travis.

"Antonia," with its gas and its oil, its thriving commerce, its enormous military establishments, its "improvements," and its adoration of the moving picture, has swallowed up all that is left of old San Antonio—even the San Antonio of twenty years ago—except its ruins. So bland it is that often it appears *blasé*. In manner and in temperament it has more in common with New York than with such neighboring cities as El Paso, Shreveport, or New Orleans, with cities more characteristically of the eager new South such as Memphis, Atlanta, and Nashville, or even with its older self. The citizens of Shreveport and El Paso regard one another with frank interest; in "Antonia" people habitually pass one another by unseeingly with glazed eyes. On the streets, in places of public amusement, in hotels or parks, or in conveyances, the difference is striking. Apparently no one knows any one else; rarely do you see people speak or call out to one another, or bow, or even nod to one another. Either a mannerism has laid hold upon a healthy populace, effacing cordial Southern manners, or they are really too deeply sunk in their own preoccupations to notice or to care what else goes on under the blue canopy.

The latter and more charitable of these deductions is undoubtedly the more correct. There is abundant evidence of wallop underneath the blandness, of genuine concentration under the appearance of bad manners. At least "Anto-

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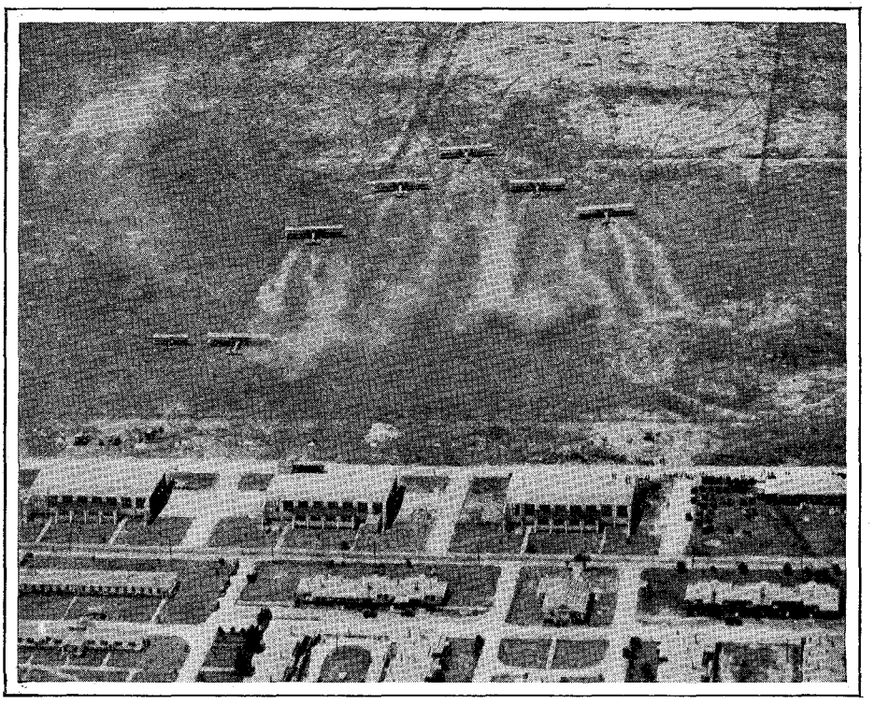

Kelly Field, with its related areas, the largest aviation establishment in the United States, is situated just outside the city limits, to the southwest

nia" knows what it is genuinely interested in. When the young man who played the leading rôle in "The Covered Wagon" came to town to do a turn in a vaudeville house, he was met at the station by an actual covered wagon complete in every detail, material and personnel, and ridden in triumph to his hotel, where the leading citizens paid him their respects. Night after night the theater was packed to hear this young man, metamorphosed from his frontier picture character in ultra-correct evening dress, talk about himself and his beloved Hollywood, the mecca of the foolish and the faithful. Two pages of the city's papers were—and are—regularly devoted to reviews and announcements of the attractions advertised by the cinema houses, and the theaters themselves, with intricate light effects, big orchestras, and refrigerated air, have turned their entrances thriftily into foyers paved and walled with marble, wherein the merchants of the city display their wares in beautifully set tableaux behind plate-glass windows. Together these theaters compose the Rialto of San Antonia. But even here the bland city cannot quite lose the Spanish touch of more gracious days: It is "Don Felipe" who will favor with the overture; "Don Juan" whose sartorial inducements are emblazoned on the drop; "Don Alejandro" who will sing "La Poloma" in its native Español.

Two bromides—once expressions of winsome fact—are still quoted in the "San Antonia" of Kerrigan from the San Antonio of O. Henry. One is that the "visitor stands on every corner of this ancient city knee-deep in romance." The other is that the San Antonio River "flows history under the city's bridges." It would be exceedingly difficult, if not hazardous, to find any romance on a San Antonian corner nowadays. San Antonia is cleaned up to the uttermost. No longer may you follow your nose along olfactory trails. The smell of San Juan or Santo Domingo City, American municipalities, floats out to greet and beguile you at sea. The smell of a Yangtze River town in the hot weather breaks your heart. There is an aroma, pleasing or unpleasing, that hovers over tropical or subtropical cities or, in more northern communities, that differentiates one quarter from another. Gone is the bouquet from the antiseptic corners of San Antonia's streets. Remains only a composite of hot asphalt, soda-water, and bland righteousness. Plain-clothes men, imported from Austin for greater detachment, round up the erring sisterhood—or those presumed to err—from once romantic corners and hustle them into hurry-up wagons bound for jail. On another corner curious crowds gather round the entrance of an exhibition proclaiming that "The wages of sin is death." By ten o'clock every night the streets are as innocent of romance or any other life as Fifth Avenue on a Sunday night in winter. The ancient missions look as though they had been scrubbed with soap and water.

As for the river and its historical flow, San Antonia has forgotten it except for tourist purposes. It flows more deeply in the folders than in the stream. San Antonia is high and dry in the light of a self-sufficient to-day.

But there is another side to all this. The just law of compensation makes amends for what has been lost by what has been found. This two-hundred-years-old Spanish city of St. Anthony, fashioned out of a devout religious faith by the Franciscan monks of the eighteenth century and jogging along in the Franciscans' faith down the generations, is now undergoing something like a Protestant revival. Remember that Protestantism in San Antonio is only about seventy-five years old and the English language as the dominant tongue is not as old as that. Not so very long ago the Alamo meant something concrete and tangible in the daily life of this city. On the Spanish régime O. Henry's brief biography recently overlapped. The Protestant church-going idea is comparatively new here. In this part of Texas the pendulum swings slowly, but it swings easily, bringing better wages to preachers and better preachers to the wages. Due credit must be given to radio in bringing Tom, Dick, and Henry within reach of compelling voices from afar. But the indigenous rough-and-tumble ministers of the Baptist and Methodist denominations are shepherding the largest flocks. There is no less four-flushing in San Antonia than elsewhere, but maybe Henry Drummond struck pay ore for Texas when he rediscovered "the greatest thing in the world." If there is one tune to which San Antonia now sets its cadence, it is "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Actually. No one can account for it any more than you can satisfactorily explain the pervasive blandness. But here it is. Huge Bible classes with regularly attending memberships in the thousands meet every Sunday, and sometimes during the week. Nothing emotional about these occasions. San Antonia takes nothing intensely—war, pestilence, famine, taxes, politics, baseball, or even religion. What might be elsewhere a revival in the general acceptance of the term is here rather a development; it is of the common sense rather than of the heart. Panorama photographs of these Bible classes—they all have their pictures taken for themselves and the Chamber of Commerce—are very interesting. They are not the youthful and sometimes vapid phrenology of Y. M. C. A. photographs, but, on the contrary, row after row of mature and fine faces—the faces of business men, bankers, merchants, policemen, postmen, members of the respected professions, and baseball players. They are all "sold" on religion, seriously, practically, calmly. They honestly have a better time being good than being bad—and it pays bigger dividends. Out of such ingredients of individual righteous-

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ness is San Antonia's civic righteousness constructed. • Romance has been swallowed up in religion. Adventure has had to give place to advertising.

Forgetting, then, the romance and the adventure of yesteryear, turn now with San Antonia to reality. Turn from the Spanish missions of San Antonio to the American moving pictures which a growing city is making of itself, for itself. All cities have parks. San Antonia has sixty parks and plazas and esplanades which are unusual in two respects: the beauty and propriety of their building, and their daily use by the city.

Ray Lambert brings to his perennial job of Park Commissioner something like the quality and texture of genius. He was a stone-cutter by trade before he got into politics and parks. His handiwork embellishes the façades of Leland Stanford University, in California. Artistry and a sense of beauty he has, rare traits in a park commissioner, and, more worthy of wonder, he retains the lost art of listening. His combination of listening with discriminative judgment singles him out among city officials with Rooseveltian distinctness. And his fellow-citizens, realizing a good thing when they see it and profiting by it, keep Lambert in office term after term under successive administrations of commission government. Moreover, he is fortunate in his labor. Mexicans are artisans by birthright. On their own soil and with their native materials almost lovingly they carry out the ideas and the dreams of the park builder. For Lambert has literally builded his parks. Taking old stone quarries, tin canyons, and garbage dumps he has transformed them patiently year by year into green places of cool and appropriate beauty. His parks are Texas parks, gardens of Spanish-Mexican San Antonio, made by benefactions and art and sportsmanship to be played in and to be lived in.

To see the people of San Antonio playing with their parks is worth the price of the railroad ticket. Home is all right three-quarters of the time, and of "homes" San Antonio, though it advertises them less extensively than some of its inter-State neighbors, has its full share. But, just as the best of friends must part, so do the best of families get tired or bored with one another occasionally and desire and need a change of scene and occupation and the propinquity of others. The well-to-do can travel and recreate themselves expensively, but the bulk of a city's population must depend upon its parks. San Antonia so depends all the year round. On Sundays more than fifty thousand—the well-to-do and the do-less-well—throng good-naturedly and in good order their convenient recreation places. It is like "Looking Backward" with Edward Bellamy twenty years ago to find his fantasies come true. The Rotary Club has presented its little city children with a nucleus of twenty furry-eared, docile burros—who multiply upon the face of this dobe earth by natural processes—and all day long the Antonian kids, in never-failing relays, ride free around rustic bridle-paths to their hearts' content. The city has built stone "mesas" (tables) far and near in shady groves where in their many hundreds the people eat their luncheons or dinners *al fresco,* cooked on near-by park grates, with the neatly stacked fuel provided gratis by the city. Motorists find clean camp sites provided free for them, with bathing facilities, abundance of drinking water, toilet arrangements, and other conveniences so enthralling that none of them want to move on at the expiration of their two weeks' maximum permit.

The municipal golf course laid out through the glades and across the streams of Brackenridge Park is a masterpiece of landscape architecture besides being technically one of the best courses for a discriminating golfer in the Southwest. Here the Texas open championship has been held annually during the last four years with an appropriation of $6,500 cheerfully provided by the city, which also "stages" on its own field in Brackenridge Park the Texas polo championship, and inaugurated for the first time this spring an annual swimming carnival, to be held in the public pools formed by the San Antonio and San Pedro Rivers, which flow more bathing facilities than history.

On the hot spring afternoons of May these crystal pools were crowded with the childhood and the youth of the city, rich and poor. Each river originates in plain view, bubbling up from seven or eight deep springs, made into artificial basins with concrete and stone and surrounded by sunken gardens; and the constantly renewed water makes its way through shallow estuaries where the little children wade or bathe, down to deep miniature lakes where the nymphs and the dryads and the fauns and satyrs—a little aquatic world of physical perfection—swim and dive and cavort with supreme ease and graceful skill. The people come from far and near; those who live near by trudge from their houses in frank bathing suits across the asphalt streets under the trees of the park. Others arrive in limousines or flivvers; mothers or maids bring their children, groups of boys and girls come from neighboring schools. Not one in ten is a spectator. Harmoniously and with enormous decency San Antonia bathes and takes its sunny afternoons of cool pleasure. There are no scenes ap-

A vivid contrast of the old and the new—San Fernando Cathedral, built in 1718, flanks the new Frost Bank Building, completed in 1924

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proaching those of Coney Island; no groups of scantily clad youths and girls tied up in knots like boxes of angleworms; no hilarity, no boisterousness. And yet nowhere is the blighting hand of authority manifest. Propriety seems to go with blandness, pitched in the same *tempo*.

In other ways and by other wise methods the city gives itself a good time, a healthy and a helpful time withal. Seven hundred otherwise unclassified small boys are organized by the Chamber of Commerce and other civic bodies into baseball leagues, for which the city Government provides diamonds and helps to provide prizes. New areas are now being graded, which will swell these numbers to over a thousand. The Outlook's pilgrimage seems to coincide with municipal bond issues. Just as the Nashville and Memphis articles were synchronized with popular measures for civic improvements, so in San Antonio a $4,000,000 obligation has just been blandly voted by the taxpayers during the incubation of this article. The proceeds will be devoted to a new auditorium, flood prevention, and street and park improvements.

So then, if San Antonia no longer reeks of history and adventure, as San Antonio, the city of the Alamo and the missions, of mantillas and guitars and sombreros, used to do, decidedly it has its compensations sufficient unto itself and to the day thereof. And if adventure be here either dead or dozing, it should never be forgotten that this place has always been and may be still the take-off for great adventures. Here Roosevelt put his Rough Riders together and Walker organized his filibustering expedition into Nicaragua. Lee wrote his resignation here before joining the forces of the Confederacy, and from here Pershing was called to lead the American Expeditionary Forces in France. American army aviation first spread its wings over San Antonio, and on the hills of Lake Medina Harry Rogers broke the caterpillars that helped discourage the tired infantry of Germany in 1918.

Where Lies the Hope of Russia?

By Professor CHARLES SAROLEA

This dramatic indictment of the present Russian Government by one of the foremost publicists of Europe will be followed next week by an interview granted to Professor Sarolea by the Grand Duke Nicholas

I

EVIDENCE is slowly accumulating, week by week and almost day by day, that the Bolshevist régime has entered on its last phase of disintegration and dissolution. The events of the last twelve months have been verifying every pessimistic forecast which I made in my recent book, "Impressions of Soviet Russia." The quarrels between the leaders who are conscious of the sword of Damocles suspended over their heads, the discontent and revolt of the peasants, the roving bands which in the outlying districts are massacring the supporters of Bolshevism, the chronic menace of famine, the collapse of Soviet finances, the fiasco of Soviet diplomacy, are so many signs which indicate that the régime is nearing its end. It is politically, financially, and morally bankrupt.

British trade-union leaders, traveling on a personally conducted tour, may still inform us that Russia is enjoying peace and tranquillity. But the tranquillity is the tranquillity of prostration and exhaustion, the peace is the peace of the desert. *Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant*. And in that desert are stalking the four specters of hunger and plague, terror and madness. A prosperous country, once the granary of Europe, with a flourishing trade, with rapidly expanding industries, with a population increasing at the rate of three millions a year, has been turned into a hospital and a cemetery. It has been turned into a madhouse where the lunatics are at large. It has been turned into a prison where the honest men are locked up and where the convicts are let loose on a helpless community.

Those same trade-union leaders in their official report, which is a grotesque travesty of the truth and an adulterated concoction of misstatements for the consumption of their party comrades, may tell us that the régime is gradually "evolving," that it is becoming more humane and more democratic. The inexorable truth is that it cannot "evolve," that it cannot become more humane, nor even more human, because an infinitesimal minority, if it is to succeed in keeping down the overwhelming majority which is opposed to it, can only do so through a policy of terrorism. As soon as it ceases to strike terror into its enemies that minority is doomed. Nor can it resort to democratic methods and restore popular elections, because a popular and free election would at once put an end to its tyranny.

II

THUS, if we judge the Soviet régime by any test which can be applied to any human government, it stands irrevocably condemned. But the condemnation will be equally final if we judge it by its own Socialist standards and principles. For it has repudiated every one of those principles, it has broken every one of its pledges and millennial promises. It began in a frenzy of almost Mohammedan fanaticism. It ends in the most cynical and repellent corruption.

The dictators started by establishing a Communistic utopia, and they ended by partitioning the Russian continent into huge concessions, which were offered as bribes to the millionaire capitalists of the world in return for loans and advances.

The dictators proclaimed the abolition of private property, and they only succeeded in hastening the rise of a new nation of small peasant proprietors, who for all times to come will be uncompromising individualists and the sworn enemies of Communism.

The dictators claimed that they were going to abolish the rich man, and they only succeeded in creating a new and hideous class of *nouveaux riches*—namely, civil war profiteers, traffickers in purloined diamonds and furs and pictures, receivers of goods which had been stolen.

The dictators started by suppressing the death penalty, and they ended in slaughtering millions of their opponents. And the slaughtering, combined with the starving process, has been so successful that, according to an American authority, ex-Ambassador Richard Washburn Child, who had access to the statistics of the American Famine Relief Missions, the Russian pre-war population of 170,-

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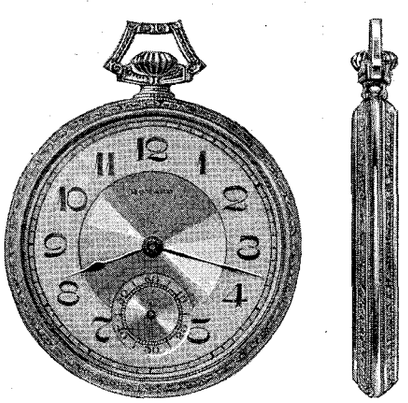

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000,000 has been reduced to less than 60,000,000.

The dictators started by promising universal peace, and they ended by establishing the most oppressive militarism and the most aggressive imperialism known to Russian history.

The dictators started by offering independence to the various nationalities in the name of the Wilsonian watchword of self-determination, and they ended by incorporating every nationality as a subject state in their Slave Empire.

The dictators started by proclaiming a world-wide International, and they only succeeded in reviving in the Russian people an intense and passionate national patriotism which had almost died out at the end of the war.

The dictators started by abolishing Christianity from the face of the Russian continent, and they only succeeded in strengthening the devotion of the Russian people to Christian principles and their loyalty to their old Church.

III

THE present strength, or, rather, the weakness, of the Soviet régime was dramatically tested by what happened quite recently in Estonia. That miniature Republic of barely one million inhabitants possesses for the Bolshevists a political importance which is entirely out of proportion to its numbers. The capital, Reval, occupies a commanding position on the Gulf of Finland. Its possession is almost indispensable to the dictators, both as a naval base and to maintain their free lines of communication with Europe, and because if it came into the power of a hostile force it would threaten the very existence of the Soviet Government. From Reval it is only a four days' march to Petrograd.

It is easy to understand why the dictators should again and again have made desperate efforts to capture so essential a strategic position, to bribe and to corrupt the Estonian peasants even as they had corrupted the Lettish peasants, and to engineer Communist revolts against the Estonian Government. The last conspiracy took place only a few weeks ago. It did not turn out, however, as the dictators had hopefully anticipated. If the Soviet Government were determined to control the Estonians, the Estonians were equally determined to offer a desperate resistance. For the Estonians are too near the Bolshevist frontier and they know too much about its methods ever to submit to a Bolshevist tyranny. Even the Estonian rustics who in 1905 had become Bolshevist converts and who burned the mansions of their landowners are not impervious to the lessons of experience. Therefore, when a few weeks ago the Bolshevist emissaries and hirelings once more organized a rebellion against the Estonian Republic, that rebellion was at once ruthlessly suppressed by a few brave men who realized all that was at stake. Within forty-eight hours 150 of the Communist conspirators had been executed.

Obviously, if there had been any fight left in the Red Army, if there had still been any "organizers of victory" in the ranks of the dictators, they would at once have sent out a punitive expedition. They would have put an end to the Estonian Republic, even as last year they put an end to the independence of the Ukraine and of the Caucasian Republics. But they had no longer the power to make even this little military demonstration against a Lilliputian state, and they had tamely to submit to an ignominious defeat. The Estonian peasants had challenged the might and majesty of the Bolshevist Slave Empire, and this time it was the peasants who won.

This abortive Estonian rebellion is a significant and, indeed, a momentous event. If the European press had any sense of proportion, the crushing defeat of the Bolshevist rebels would have received very much more attention than it has actually received. For the lesson which has thus been given by the peasants just outside the Bolshevist border will be learned sooner or later by the peasants inside Russia. It will then be brought home to the patient and hitherto passive *muzhiks* that to liberate themselves from an intolerable yoke is by no means a forlorn hope, an impossible or even a difficult task, and that what was done by a mere handful of Baltic yokels can also be accomplished by themselves.

IV

IN view of the imminent and unavoidable collapse of the Bolshevist régime, the question as to what is to come after must soon become one of urgent practical interest. And it is not only a Russian question, it is a question of European importance, because on the nature of the solution, on the policy that will be adopted, the whole future of Europe may eventually depend.

It is just possible that we may see a recurrence of the tragedy of 1918. Like the civil war in Russia, the World War had been dragging on so long that people had come to think that the end would never come. Instead of which, the consummation came quite suddenly. It came almost overnight in the critical week of July, 1918. But when it did come, the statesmen of Europe were not prepared for it. They had not had the foresight to think out a line of policy. They had not agreed upon a single important question. The inevitable result was the improvised and incoherent Peace of Versailles, the consequent European chaos, and the surrender of many of the principles and purposes for the sake of which ten nations had been bleeding to death.

History may repeat itself. Unless the statesmen of Europe agree on what will be their Russian policy of to-morrow, there is considerable danger that when the catastrophe of the Bolshevist régime does come, when the Russian people are finally liberated, diplomacy may once more be taken by surprise. For instance, if, as is quite possible, and indeed highly probable, the monarchy is restored in Germany, and if, as is equally possible, the German monarchist forces combine with the Russian monarchist forces, we might find ourselves unexpectedly confronted by a formidable German-Russian bloc which would have sufficient power to control Europe.

It is certain that Russia will eventually be liberated from the tyrants who oppress her, however long and however painful the process of liberation may be. The only doubtful question is: How will the liberation come about, and who will be the liberators?

V

ALTHOUGH European statesmen and diplomats have not made up their minds as to the "orientation" of their policy, fortunately, there can be little doubt as to the working of the minds of the Russian people themselves. It is true that the dumb and oppressed millions inside Russia have no means at present of making their voices heard, but any traveler who will take some trouble and make a discreet and careful investigation will soon discover their feelings and aspirations, even though the downtrodden and terrorized people themselves may not express them.

Before the war a patriotic attachment to the Russian people (*narodnost*) and a devout loyalty to the Orthodox Church (*pravoslavie*) were the two main points in the policy of the Conservatives, or Slavophils (Samarine, Aksakov, Danilevski). Strange to say, those two points of the Slavophile trinity which once were the programme of the reactionaries have become to-day the programme even of Russian radicals. To restore the political and spiritual unity of the people has become the common ideal of every Russian patriot.

And even as the Russians are agreed as to the end, they are also agreed as to the means. They are convinced that the

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political and spiritual unity of the Russian people can only be established by a strong Government—in other words, that it can only be established by a restoration of the monarchy. We seem to hear an echo of the popular cry which went up a thousand years ago, when Kiev was the capital of Russia and when Moscow was yet unborn. That popular cry is recalled in the oldest Russian historical record, the "Chronicle of Nestor:" "Our country is great and we possess everything in abundance. But there is neither law nor justice among us. Come, take possession and rule over us."

If a plebiscite were taken to-morrow, there seems little doubt as to the verdict which would be given by ninety per cent of the Russian people.

VI

It may be objected that any generalizations about the present state of mind of the Russian people must be necessarily speculative, and that those rare European or American travelers who have a sufficient command of the difficult Russian language can only vaguely guess the feelings and overhear the whisperings of the dumb millions groaning under the heel of the Bolshevist demons. But the travelers can quite distinctly hear the voices of the Russians outside Russia. They can find out the opinions of the three million unfortunate refugees who are driven to and fro, wandering in every highway of the Continent, belonging to every class and to every party, and testifying by their very numbers and heterogeneous composition to the universal abhorrence felt for the Soviet régime. In order to ascertain their views I have gone to the trouble of conducting for five years systematic inquiries in the main centers of Russian emigration or diaspora—in Belgrade and Ljubljana, in Prague and in Warsaw, in Berlin and in Paris. A conversation and a discussion with the various types of Russian refugees will be a revelation to the British or American investigator. He will be amazed to find that, however divided those refugees may be in their politics, however different in their mental outlook, whatever their class, and whatever their race, their conclusion will almost invariably be the same: "Let us return to the good old times. Let us put an end to our party divisions. Let us have done with our pre-war delusions. Let us concentrate on the one task of the liberation of our country."

But the most surprising revelation is that the vast majority have the same idea as to how that liberation is to take place. The very men who spent their lives fighting Czarism and who perhaps

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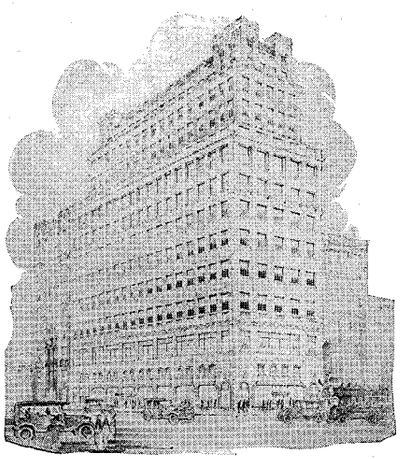
ON October 1st we will move to our new home at 49th Street and Fifth Avenue. Naturally the new store will be filled with fresh merchandise. That means that our present stock must be reduced to a minimum.

Our sales in April and May have cleared stocks considerably—but not enough! So during June we will hold Special Sales in Household Linens, Handkerchiefs, Imported Dress Goods, Children's Wear, Lingerie, Negligees, etc.

If it is not possible for you to visit our store personally, we will be glad to shop for you. Just write us what you need, give approximately the price you want to pay, and our mail order department will select the merchandise for you.

We wish to emphasize that every article in these Special Sales upholds the high standard for which McCutcheon merchandise has always been famous.



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were once political exiles in Siberia are now asking wistfully and passionately for a return of the monarchy. It is true that there still is a fraction of the irreconcilable old guard gathered round the Cadet Leader Miliukov. But they are only a small minority of doctrinaires. They are a minority even in the Constitutional Democrat or Cadet Party, and they will be swept away like dead leaves in the coming crisis, just as they were swept away in 1917. With this exception and with the exception of such pessimists and Nihilists or mystics as the novelist Merejkowski, who altogether despair of the resurrection of Russia and who accept as a possibility the nightmare of generations of anarchy, I can say without exaggeration that the enormous majority of Russian intellectuals whose opinion has any weight are to-day converted to the monarchist idea.

Only a few days ago I received a letter from Professor Struve, the eminent Socialist leader whose name before the war was a name to conjure with in revolutionary circles. Although I have not the honor of knowing Professor Struve, he spontaneously wrote to me to express his appreciation of and gratitude for my article "A Plea for Tsarism," which appeared in the "English Review" (November, 1924), and whose conclusions, in his opinion, would be indorsed by every patriotic Russian. Professor Struve's opinion is a typical one, for I have received dozens of similar letters from the most unlikely quarters.

The most startling testimony, however, did come from a very distinguished Jew. At a recent meeting in a Continental capital where I was asked to meet leaders of the various Russian parties an influential Jewish publicist made the unexpected declaration that, although a republican by conviction, yet, speaking as a Jew, he could only desire the restoration of a strong monarchy. And he was reluctantly driven to accept this as the only solution for the tragic reason that only the restoration of the monarchy could eventually save the Jewish people from the elemental passions of hatred and revenge which would certainly sweep over the Russian continent immediately after the downfall of Sovietism. If the peasants are to be left to their instincts, if they are not restrained by the strong hand of authority and to the restraints of an enlightened despotism, there will be a wholesale slaughter of the Jews compared with which even the massacres of the Ukrainian Hetman Bogdan Chmielnicki in the seventeenth century were an insignificant episode.

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Freud's Origin

A Review by WOODBRIDGE RILEY

THE eminent French authority Pierre Janet opens his "Principles of Psychotherapy"[1] with a historical account of the partial and erroneous methods of cure, from miracles and animal magnetism to Christian Science and New Thought. Miraculous "cures" first appear historically in the Western world in the Asclepieion of Epidaurus, that temple of medicine with its magic serpents and faith-healing statues of the god of medicine. In the Middle Ages, although the name of the god had been changed, miraculous cures remained exactly the same. Such miracles appear even in our day simply because medical science has not made sufficient advance to render them useless. Whether it be the "Way of the Gods" in Japan, or the annals of Lourdes, the miracles of the twentieth century are not very far removed from the miracles that were performed at the Asclepieion several centuries before Christ.

But religious treatments are not the only ones that deserve to be called miraculous. The forces that the miracle seeker summoned to help him were first the gods, then, by a natural evolution, they became natural forces, but very mysterious forces, acting according to unknown laws—analogous, in short, to divine caprice. Such was animal magnetism, propounded by Mesmer in the eighteenth century. This Austrian charlatan was clever enough to talk of forces then very little understood—forces of magnetism, of electricity, of nervous forces. According to him, "planetary influence" exerts itself on the human body by means of a universal fluid in which all bodies are immersed. Sickness is only an aberration in the harmonious distribution of these fluids; its treatment consists in re-establishing this harmony by an application of the magnetism that emanates from a living being.

Now animal magnetism, I was the first to point out, was introduced into this country by a Frenchman, Charles Poyen, who gave his magnetic performances in Portland, Maine, where lived the healer P. P. Quimby. Altering the practice of the magnetic treatment as to mysterious passes and strokings, Quimby sought primarily to give his patients confidence, to rid them of their fear of the disease. This was the origin of the notions of "mind cure," and, being taken over bodily by Mrs. Eddy, was the source, fount, and origin of Christian Science, which Dr. Janet once described to me as that "incredible mixture of religion and therapeutics." Christian Scientists will, of course, berate this description and deny any connection with animal magnetism, but there is a deadly parallelism between Quimbyism and Eddyism in the latter's doctrines of Malicious Animal Magnetism, in its theories of the unconscious, of the occult relation between practitioner and patient, of the power of the will, of the communication of thoughts, and in its theories concerning diagnosis at a distance in "absent treatment."

Such is one case of historic borrowing A more recent one is Freudian psychoanalysis. Summarizing the results of his three-volume work, "Les Médications Psychologiques," the French scholar now shows how the various therapies come and go. All these forms of treatment have had their hour of fame. The temple of Asclepius and the miraculous springs drew immense crowds. So did the Christian Science churches. Hypnotism, originating in France, extended during somewhat more than twenty years over the whole world, and psychoanalysis is now trying to follow its example. The author here seeks to sift the wheat from the chaff. There are two very different groups in these methods. One group rests on a very vague psychological notion, that of a mental action of some sort, the nature of which they do not attempt to determine. Such is the miraculous religious treatment of Christian Science and the therapy of morale like that of Dubois of Berne. The other psychotherapies—hypnotism, for example, or Weir Mitchell's rest, isolation,

[1] Principles of Psychotherapy. By Pierre Janet. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

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and over-feeding—are much more precise, and try to make use of an accepted psychological phenomenon, a change of the mental attitude. Yet even here the proportion of cures to failures is extremely small. Mitchell's "Doctor Quiet and Doctor Diet" was seldom carried out in all its rigor. Hypnotism was mixed up with a belief in the mysterious influence of the operator upon the patient, and at present psychoanalysis cannot point to many positive results.

The author's attack on the Freudian fad is now to be explained. In general, he is weary of superstition, of epidemics of miraculous cures. If another student could have declared that "Lourdes is not far from Tarascon," Janet might be said to think that Freudianism is not far from fraud. In particular he points out that the Viennese physician came to Salpétrière, Janet's stronghold, and became interested in what the latter calls the traumatic memory. This means that certain neuropathic troubles could arise from a series of events that did not cause any physical wound, but an emotion purely psychic. The memory of a painful event persisted, with its train of various feelings, and it is this memory that determined, directly or indirectly, certain phases of the illness. Utilizing this "wounded" memory, concealed in the subconscious, as in certain cases of hysteria, Janet gave some rules for prudent diagnosis, such as finding out whether dreams, somnambulism, automatic writing, would not bring to light the more deeply hidden memories.

It is at this point that Freud appears on the scene. Janet's account is as follows: "At this time a foreign physician, Dr. S. Freud, of Vienna, came to Salpétrière and became interested in these studies. He granted the truth of the facts and published some new observations of the same kind. In these publications he changed, first of all, the terms that I was using; what I had called psychological analysis he called psychoanalysis; what I had called psychological system he called complex; he considered a repression what I considered a restriction of consciousness; what I referred to as a psychological dissociation, or as a moral fumigation, he baptized with the name of catharsis. But, above all, he transformed a clinical observation and a therapeutic treatment, with a definite and limited field of use, into an enormous system of medical philosophy—Pansexuality."

The New Books

BIOGRAPHY

LIVES AND TIMES. By Meade Minnigerode. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50.

Mr. Meade Minnigerode's "Lives and Times" may be compared, in a way, with Strachey's "Eminent Victorians," though its author has aimed rather at historical accuracy than the undermining of accepted reputations. The book contains biographical sketches of four personages who have figured in American history and of whom but little is known by the public of to-day. Perhaps the most interesting of these sketches deals with Theodosia Burr, the daughter of Aaron Burr, whose character is also analyzed in the same pages. Theodosia was born in 1783, and was idolized by her father, who subjected her from her infancy to a course of education so severe and engrossing as to arouse the pity of those who read about her. At the age of ten she "was reading Horace, Terence, and Lucian, studying Gibbon and the Greek grammar, speaking German and French, playing the pianoforte and the harp," and this, too, at a time when the feminine mind was not deemed fit for cultivation. The sketch follows Theodosia's career at the head of her father's house, and as a close sympathizer with his ambitious schemes. Nothing could be more tragic than the end of this gifted woman, when in the year 1812 she sailed from South Carolina to visit her father in New York under a safe-conduct from the British admiral. The ship in which she sailed was never heard from again; nothing authentic has ever been known of the fate of Theodosia.

The impression conveyed by the author's sketch of Edmond Charles Génet, the first Minister sent to this country from the French Republic, is that the character of that ardent disciple of liberty has been generally misunderstood. He came here aflame with the ideas engendered by the overthrow of the French monarchy, and expected to find in America a corresponding enthusiasm. His boisterous reception at the hands of a large element of our public strengthened his views and encouraged him in his attempts to force upon us recognition of a former treaty with the monarchy. But Washington and his advisers wisely refused to consider as binding a treaty with a government no longer existing, and one that would have involved us in war with England. But Génet persisted in his attempts to stir up anti-English feeling here, and he was still engaged in this work when the Girondins, of whom he was the accredited Minister, were re-

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placed by the Jacobins, who instantly expressed their disapproval of his activities. Recalled from his post at the request of Washington, and threatened with execution should be return to France, Génet remained in this country and lived a peaceful and honored life until his death in 1820. It is worthy of note that his career in diplomacy prior to his arrival in America was entirely to his credit.

The other sketches deal with Stephen Jumel, the New York merchant whose widow married Aaron Burr, and William Eaton, whose career was connected with the subjugation of the Algerian pirates early in the nineteenth century.

FICTION

THAT NICE YOUNG COUPLE. By Francis Hackett. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

A first novel by a literary critic. A story of modern American life; of marriage and happiness; of infidelity and disillusion; of life in New York and in the South; of the Democratic Convention at Baltimore; and of gatherings of "radicals" in Greenwich Village. Well written, and—according to the standards of to-day—not any more frank and outspoken than dozens of other novels. But as like as the proverbial two peas to at least ten other novels which have been published in the last five years.

TRISTAN. By Armando Palacio Valdes. Translated by Jane B. Reid. The Four Seas Company, Boston. $2.50.

The Outlook feels complimented that the publishers of this brilliant novel by a Spanish master of fiction should print at length on the book's jacket the review of the Spanish version of this book printed in The Outlook's review department in its issue of June 2, 1906. What we said nearly a quarter of a century ago is true to-day: "The story is intensely absorbing, dramatically true to life, and without a false or overstrained note. The author's delicious humor abounds throughout and there are idyllic passages of exquisite charm."

HIS WIFE-IN-LAW. By Marie E. Oemler. The Century Company, New York. $2.

An exceedingly improbable plot involves the kidnapping of the heroine by a forceful young man, who practically compels her to marry him, and then starts in to mold her character while she is his wife-in-law only. When he gives it up in despair and sends her back to her family, she instantly begins to love him, and in the end, after exciting but mechanically constructed adventure in South America, the story ends in joy. The art of the story is negligible, but there is something about the telling that (as in the author's "Slippy McGee") will attract readers who care more for sentiment than reality. And the Bad Old Lady is well worth knowing.

THE MOMENT OF BEAUTY. By Samuel Merwin. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2

We do not recall any novel about the life of the theater better than, or even as good as, this by Mr. Merwin. It avoids sensationalism and vulgarity; it is obviously extremely well informed; it gives us, as contrasted types, the ambitious, hard-working actress of talent and the brilliant, temperamental actor of genius who has the common weakness of genius—lack of self-control. The situation that grows up between the two is sustained in interest to the end. Mr. Merwin has never done better work.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

THE PILGRIMAGE OF HENRY JAMES. By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

It is a sad, but sympathetic rather than satiric, portrait that Van Wyck Brooks paints in "The Pilgrimage of Henry James," a portrait of a personality unfortunately aloof from common life, a man without a country, repelled by the crudities that he saw in his own New York and Boston, seeking the perfect culture in Paris and London, never belonging anywhere and destined to disillusion upon disillusion. The trouble lay within himself. He was foredoomed to grasp at the shadow and to lose the substance. This was true of his exquisite work as well as of his life. His greater brother, William James, wrote to him of his books in a letter quoted by Mr. Brooks:

"The core of literature is solid. . . . For gleams and innuendoes and felicitous verbal insinuations you are unapproachable, but the bare perfume of things will not support existence, and the effect of solidity you reach is but perfume and simulacrum."

The book is a deeply interesting study which should be sent as a tract to those who glorify aloofness in an author as a virtue, instead of accepting yet deprecating it as a regrettable if inevitable limitation.

Notes on New Books

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WITCHCRAFT. By Ian Ferguson. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This is probably learned; it is certainly dry.

IMPRESSIONS OF AN AVERAGE JURYMAN. By Robert Stewart Sutliffe. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.

The writer has had eighteen years of experience as juror in civil and criminal cases in New York.

THE HEAVENS. By J. H. Fabre. Translated by Dr. E. E. Fournier d'Albe. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $5.

Astronomy completely explained, in a large and well-illustrated book, by the French scientist who examined the insects at such close range. Although this is intended for the layman and even for chil-

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dren, the reader must be prepared for the stiff dose of mathematics which is essential to any real study of astronomy.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF PURE POETRY. Edited by George Moore. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

George Moore, John Freeman, and Walter De La Mare talk about poetry. Then Mr. Moore writes about it at some length. Then follow 74 poems chosen from English literature as "pure poetry"—that is, entirely objective.

IS IT GOOD ENGLISH? By John O'London. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

Notes on grammar and English usage. Sprightly and readable discussions of the split infinitive, of punctuation, and of various words and expressions. May be useful as a reference book, but, of course, far from complete as a grammar.

THE UTOPIA. By Sir Thomas More. **THE NEW ATLANTIS.** By Francis, Lord Bacon. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

Another volume in the excellent and increasing "Broadway Translations."

MY BROTHER'S FACE. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

A Hindu revisits India; a remarkable book on India of to-day.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION. By Louis Berman, M.D. The Century Company, New York. $2.50.

Another study of the glands by the author of "The Glands Regulating Personality." Dr. Berman is far ahead of modern science—so far ahead that some scientists cannot see him at all. Perhaps this is jealousy. And, then again, perhaps it isn't.

SEX AND CIVILIZATION. By Paul Bonsfield. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

So many books are written upon this and similar subjects that if he writes one, even the most austere of scientists must faintly be aware that he is dealing with a popular topic.

DANGEROUS ACQUAINTANCES. (LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES.) By Choderlos de Laclos. Translated by Richard Aldington. (Broadway Translations.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

One of the famous romantic novels of the eighteenth century.

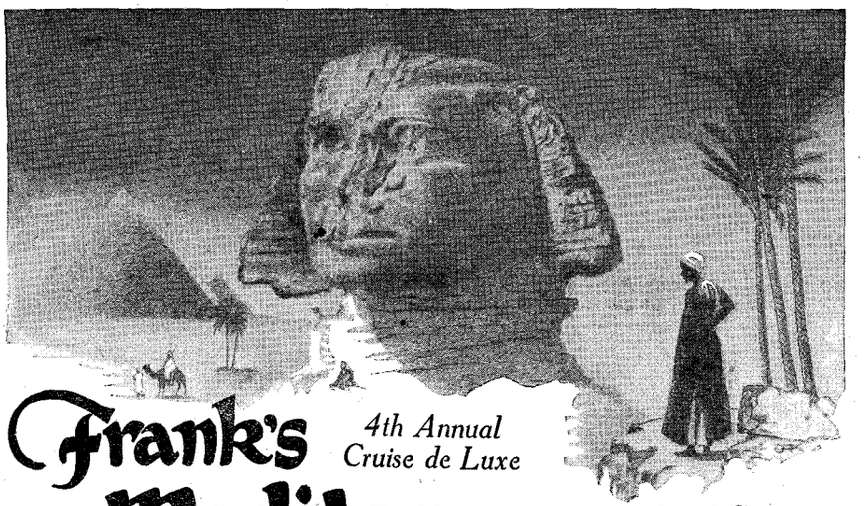
Contributors' Gallery

CHARLES SAROLEA, who is a professor in the Edinburgh University, is a recognized authority on Russia. He has written a number of important books on Russia, was founder and editor of "Everyman," 1912–17, and was war correspondent for the London "Daily Chronicle" in 1914. His article will be continued in next week's issue.

WOODBRIDGE RILEY is Professor of Philosophy at Vassar College.

SIDNEY BALLOU, The Outlook's special correspondent with the fleet during the Hawaiian maneuvers, was born at Providence, Rhode Island, of pioneer stock. He was educated at Boston, graduated from Harvard University, and attended Harvard Law School for two years. From Law School he went to Honolulu, where he was admitted to the bar. He now acts as general counsel for the California and Hawaiian Sugar Refining Corporation in San Francisco, where he resides.

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER'S forthcoming book, which was mentioned incorrectly in this column last week, will have for its title "Peter Pantheism."



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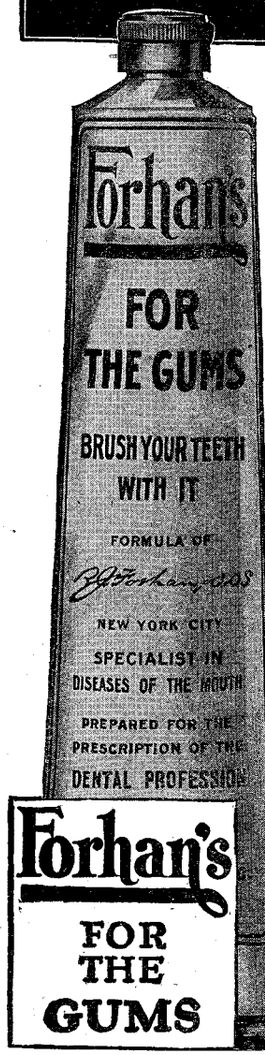
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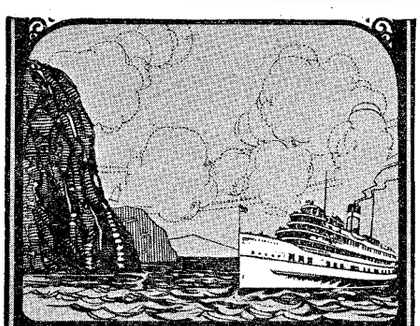

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The two numbers which he has recorded are not at all similar. The Granados, from its arresting beginning to the last high, whispering harmonic, has a gripping, dynamic forcefulness. It seems a tossing sea of melody. In contrast with it, the Bach "Adagio" offers no high lights of emotion. All is restrained; the colors are black and white. Casals plays Bach almost tenderly—with reverential feeling. And every delicate shading and every modulation of the voice of his instrument is a delight.

ELEGIA, Opus 32 (Arensky); **SCHERZO, Opus 8** (Brahms). Played by the Elshuco Trio. Brunswick.

Two good examples of chamber music played by an excellent trio. The "Elegia" is clear, unhampered beauty of melody. It is soulful, emotional, possessing many of the qualities we associate with Tchaikowsky. The "Scherzo," more in the classic vein, yet with briskness, fervor, and lightness of touch, is full of sharp, crisp rhythms for violin and 'cello. There is a middle section where Brahms gives way momentarily, as he can do so well, to sheer loveliness. The recording brings out each of the instruments with equal clearness, but their fullness and richness of tone are not so well reproduced as we somehow feel could have been done.

SYMPHONY NO. 5 IN C MINOR (Beethoven). Played by the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra, conducted by Sir Landon Ronald. In eight parts, on four records. Victor.

Whether we look on this symphony as portraying the insistent knocking of fate or merely as a great and uplifting musical expression is immaterial. Either way it can be equally enjoyed. But if it be the grim knocking of fate, it has none of the depressing grimness, none of the brooding despondency that we might expect of it, and that we should surely find in the work of a Russian. More than anything else, this symphony is invigorating. While Beethoven suffers by comparison with the rich and varied harmonies of the moderns, he scores a victory in his dramatic, almost theatrical treatment of themes. We are constantly kept on edge, with an inward feeling of suspense. The symphony is an imported recording of an English organization. In several places the strings seem to lack a little in crispness and clearness, but the balance of the orchestral groups is all that could be wished for. The last movement has brought the best out of the orchestra, so that the vigorous rhythms seem powerful and irresistible.

KREUTZER SONATA, IN A, for Piano and Violin (Beethoven). Played by Arthur Catterall violin, and William Murdoch, piano. In four parts, on two records. Columbia.

Another set of Beethoven records is this Sonata in A, commonly known as the "Kreutzer," played by a brilliant young English violinist. Though a thoroughly classical composition, it is not a bit dry, but delightful all through. Catterall plays with a sureness of technique and a full, rich tone that make him a pleasure to listen to. And he possesses that magnetic personality which is a necessary supplement to technique. In spite of considerable cutting, the Sonata seems to have retained its completeness and unity; it ends in a rapid last movement, full of dash and brilliance.

LUCIA—Verranno a te sull' aura (Donizetti); **LA SONNAMBULA—Son geloso del zefiro** (Bellini). Sung by Amelita Galli-Curci and Tito Schipa. Victor.

A sweep of melody, with the buoyant swing of a waltz and the emotional quality of a song of parting—such is this closing scene of the first act of "Lucia." The duet from "La Sonnambula" is chiefly interesting as a demonstration of the power and range of the two voices

LADY OF THE NILE (fox trot); **WHEN I THINK OF YOU** (fox trot). Played by Howard Lanin and his Benjamin Franklin Hotel Orchestra. Victor.

For a change, we are introducing a fox trot here. "Lady of the Nile" is an effective piece of jazz to listen to. Its exotic Oriental rhythms, its queer, interesting harmonies, its steady pulsating beats, its strangely muted trumpets, combine to make quite a pleasing effect. The record on the other side, while like many others, contains some good effects.

A LA VALSE (Herbert); **TO SLUMBER-LAND** (Kopylow-Hartmann). Played by Mischa Elman. Victor.

Neither of these pieces will make musical history; but who wishes that they should? They can afford much pleasure. Victor Herbert's "A la Valse"

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is a capricious little piece, while "To Slumber-Land" is quiet and dreamy; the one gives Elman a chance to show touches of whimsicality on the violin, the other allows him to reveal the possibilities of his instrument in tone production.

Piano Rolls

SYMPHONY IN G MINOR (Mozart). Played by Milton Suskind and Julius Buerger, conducted by Arthur Bodanzky. In four movements, on four rolls. Ampico.

For the most part the makers of rolls for reproducing pianos have abandoned orchestral works arranged for the piano in favor of purely pianistic selections. This is only natural; the reproducing piano is much more impressive when playing things that were written for the piano. But there is a great advantage in having some of the other type of music in one's library, too, and four-hand arrangements of symphonies are to be welcomed.

This recording of the Mozart G Minor Symphony is particularly interesting, for it is played by two pianists under the direction of an orchestral conductor, Mr. Bodanzky. The performers are conducted by Mr. Bodanzky just as if they were the players of a symphony orchestra. And, probably due to this very fact, the recording seems to have an orchestral atmosphere about it. Far different from the stormy symphonies of the more modern composers, the Mozart symphony is gay and light-hearted throughout. It has its dramatic moments, its delicate touches, its vigorous passages (as in the stately minuet movement), and its brilliant climaxes, but it is never harsh.

PRELUDE AND FUGUE, IN D FLAT (Bach). Played by Ethel Leginska. Duo-Art.

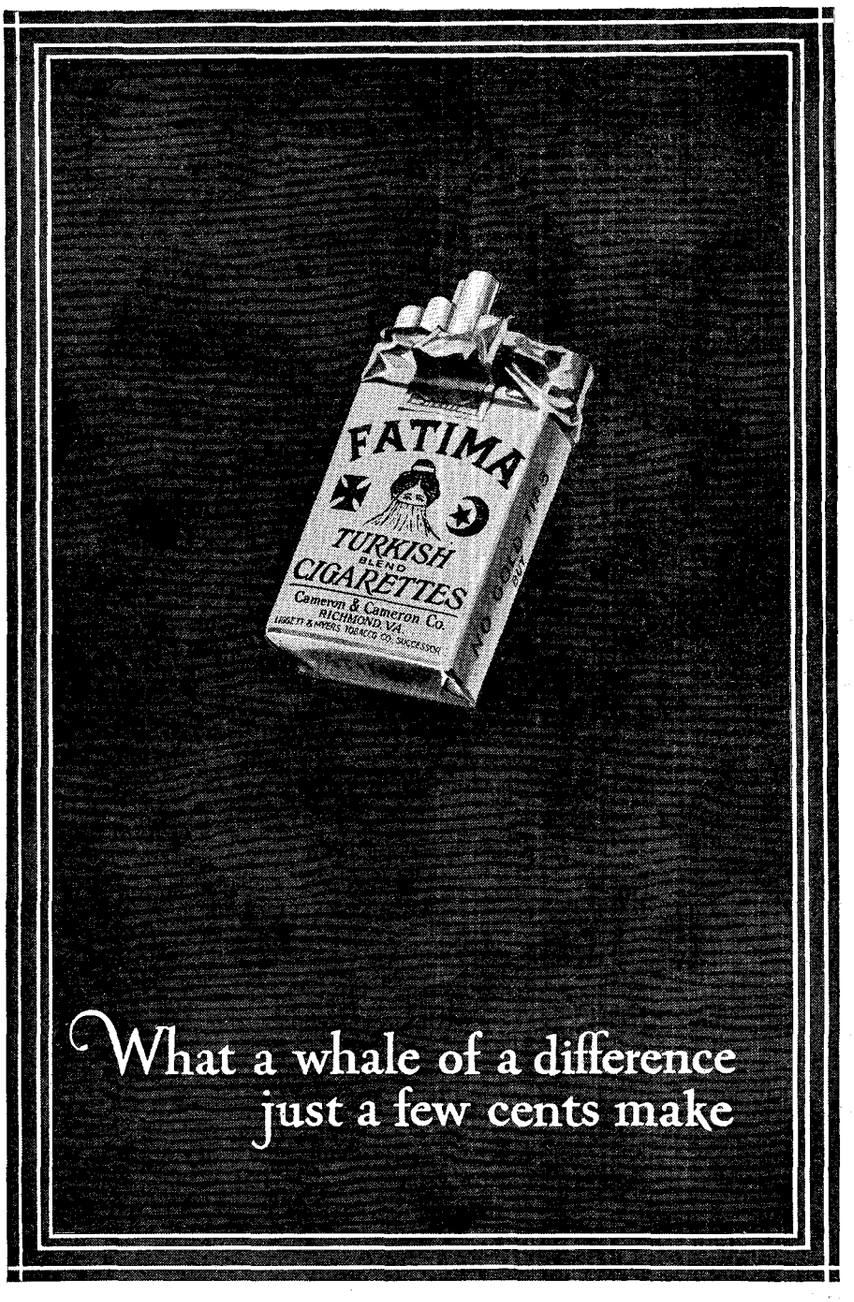
Bach in a brisk and cheerful mood, played with ardor. The Bach fugues are complicated networks of designs, woven in and out, and it is hard to take such a composition as this and give as understanding a performance of it as Miss Leginska has done.

LA COUTURIÈRE (Moussorgsky-Sapellnikoff). Played by Alexander Brailowsky. Ampico.

A whimsical little piece of fantasy, with an accompaniment suggesting the humming of a busy seamstress. It is done in a monotony of contentment, except for a short middle section which rises above the dull order of things. At the close the fanciful touch of a Debussy.

WOODLAND SKETCHES—In Autumn, Will o' the Wisp (MacDowell). Played by Sigismund Stojowski. Ampico.

Both of these sketches, out of a notebook which gained its inspiration from the New Hampshire hills, are pieces of impressionistic writing. The listener is brought into the woodland atmosphere. "Will o' the Wisp" is elusive, and less earthly than "Autumn."



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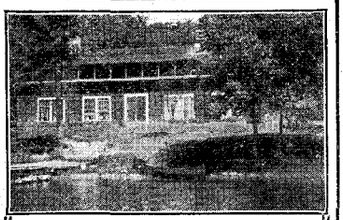

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Comfortably furnished house, gorgeous view of White Mt. range, plenty of grounds, every convenience in house. 8 bedrooms, 3 baths, living-room with fireplace, dining-room, kitchen, laundry and garage. Photograph and particulars, S. A. NASH, Sugar Hill, N. H.

WHITE MOUNTAINS, Sugar Hill, N. H.
Picturesque Satchell Cottage, furnished, to rent for season or for sale. Beautiful scenery.
Wm. E. Satchell, Owner, 211 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WINNIPESAUKEE, near Wolfeboro. Cottage, garage, chauffeur's room, boat. house, beach, electricity. Modern plumbing. Select. Photos. Rev. Dr. Higgons, Cynwyd, Pa.

New York

For Sale or Rent 2,100 acres in the Adirondacks, large set of buildings, several million feet of timber, small lake on property. An ideal place for summer home, game preserve, or country club. 4,049, Outlook.

FOR SALE Furnished House at Westhampton Beach, N. Y. 9 rooms, bath, electricity, cellar. Pleasantly located on corner. Piazza on north, east, and south. Apply to agents, Arnold & Hulse, Westhampton Beach, N. Y.

Rhode Island

FOR RENT, Cottage, "Camp Overocean," South Bluffs, Block Island, R. I. Completely furnished. 4 outside bedrooms, supply of cots. $250 for season. Mrs. J. W. STEWART, 207 W. 13th St., New York City.

Apartments

Furnished Six-Room Housekeeping Apartment on Stuyvesant Square (East 15th St.), for the summer months. 4,017, Outlook.

TO SUBLET A LARGE PLEASANT ROOM with bath for summer months. Gentleman. Write 873, Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, N. Y.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

CO-OPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Institutional executives, secretaries, social workers. Housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers. Governesses, companions, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

HELP WANTED

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite S-5842, Washington, D. C.

WANTED, during July and August, a primary grade teacher to take care of three children aged 5, 7, and 11, at private camp in Adirondacks. For purpose of interview resident of New York State preferred. Address inquiries, giving experience, qualifications, and references, to Mrs. Merwin K. Hart, 1606 Sunset Ave., Utica, N. Y.

WANTED—Refined woman who appreciates a home, housework in small family of business woman; no laundry; permanent, or student considered for summer. $15 weekly. Mrs. H. P. Green, 296 Burns St., Forest Hills, L. I.

SITUATIONS WANTED

ATTENDANT TO GENTLEMAN—Swiss, 29, college education, experienced nurse. Unquestionable references. Goumaz, 109 West 54th, New York City.

CHAPERON-secretary to family or school going abroad. Refined woman, experienced traveler and nurse, foreign languages teacher. 6,048, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, art student, desires summer traveling position. Experienced teaching art, governess, and secretary. Excellent references. 6,073, Outlook.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

COLLEGE senior desires position for summer or longer as tutor, governess, or companion in refined family. Experience. Excellent references. 6,075, Outlook.

COLLEGE student wishes to travel as tutor, chauffeur, companion, secretary. 6,071, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman seeks position as interpreter or translator. French, German, Italian. Goes everywhere. Tactful, experienced. 6,099, Outlook.

FORMER head primary school (12 years) desires supervision and care of children. Private home. 6,085, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN, Protestant, experienced musician, loves children, desires position as piano practice teacher out of town for summer. Expenses only required. References. 6,097, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse, Trudeau Tuberculosis Sanitarium, desires private nursing. Address 6,093, Outlook.

HOSTESS and executive clerk, middle-aged, capable woman, for summer or year-round hotel out of city. 6,091, Outlook.

LADY, intelligent, well educated, and of good family, wishes position as companion to lady or as chaperon to young girl during summer. References exchanged. Reply 6,044, Outlook.

MINISTER'S son, college graduate this June, desires summer position as tutor, companion, or guardian. Can drive car. 6,081, Outlook.

MUSICIAN, pianist, seeks position in orchestra or quartette. Accompanist, sight reading. 6,100, Outlook.

NURSE desires nervous, mental, or epileptic case. Entire care of child preferred. 6,060, Outlook.

POSITION for summer as French tutor or governess. 6,079, Outlook.

POSITION wanted as helpful companion to lady alone. Preferably near Philadelphia. 6,049, Outlook.

QUALIFIED workers for church and religious organizations available for autumn positions. EXECUTIVE SERVICE CORPORATION (agency), 1515 Pershing Square Building, New York City.

REFINED, educated woman (kindergarten graduate) desires position, summer or permanent, of trust—companion (child or adult), governess, supervise housekeeping or motherless home. Excellent references. 6,087, Outlook.

REFINED woman desires position as housemother in school, or as companion-housekeeper. 6,078, Outlook.

TEACHING governess for backward child. Experienced. 6,053, Outlook.

TUTOR-counselor. Young college woman seeks position. 6,089, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY instructor, Ph.D., desiring some leisure for studies, wishes tutorship or similar position for 1925-6; available June. 6,082, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY senior desires summer tutoring position. Experienced. Well read. Would interview. 6,083, Outlook.

WANTED—By a refined, experienced woman, house secretary in a Y. W. C. A., full charge of a select club, superintendent of a home for aged. 6,077, Outlook.

WANTED, by a woman experienced in institutional work, position as institutional executive or housemother in girls' school. Excellent references. 6,069, Outlook.

WANTED — Teacher of young children would like to care for one or two children of family going to mountains or country for summer. Salary $10 weekly. 6,098, Outlook.

WANTS to spend summer in England. Woman 40 years old. Can give best of references. Seeks position as companion to lady traveling alone, or will care for children. Wages not essential if expenses fully paid. Write 6,068, Outlook.

WOULD like to place very capable trained nurse who speaks English, French, Italian, and German, as companion-nurse to patient, or governess to children going abroad for summer. Helena Mackie, 6 East 61st St., New York.

YOUNG AMERICAN MAN of good family wishes position for summer as traveling companion, secretary; work of any kind on yacht, country place. Speaks French, has initiative, is executive and efficient. Exceptional references. 5,921, Outlook.

YOUNG college man, athletic, musician, desires position as tutor for summer. 6,072, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, college graduate, experienced teacher MATHEMATICS, LATIN, desires travel EUROPE this summer as governess-companion. 6,043, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

THE housemother of one of the foremost schools for boys would take a few boys under ten years of age to care for during the summer on her farm of fifty acres. Tutoring, if desired, by a college student. Apply Box 21, Cornwall, Conn.

WANTED—Two children, 8-14, to tutor with board. Summer cottage, camp privileges. Principal of grammar school and family. Lake Winnipesaukee, N. H. 6,096, Outlook.

AMERICAN widow will board motherless girl, over three. Love, careful training. Russell, 1045 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Politics vs. W[redacted]s

By Bi[redacted]

Wherein is demonstrate[redacted]uth of the ancient maxim that it makes a great de[redacted]difference [redacted]ox is gored

DICK JENKINS was skinny a[redacted] had a long, thin nose. His strag[redacted] mustache looked fierce. His dull h[redacted]r was scant. He was a middle-aged man with but one eye. Rumor said that he had lost his other eye during a brawl in the days of his youth.

Dick Jenkins was spoken of by those who worked for him as a wise guy. His air was paternal, rather condescending and superior. He was my first shore boss after I'd had to leave the sea. He was a painting contractor, and, but for myself, all his men were union men. I appreciated it that they made no demur when he gave me the job, for I'd been ill off and on for a couple of years or so, and badly needed work. Anything would do. Anything would have to do.

Dick Jenkins was of English birth, but had been over here for so long that he knew all about America. He came originally from 'Ampshire.

Of the "boys," the other members of our gang, Joe Green was also English. Before he found that I had been a sailor he gave me to understand that he had been an officer in the Queen's navy. He was from 'Ampstead, and when I asked him how to tie a rolling hitch was unable to tell me. I never gave him away. All the other boys still supposed that he had been an officer in the Queen's navy. Though for a time he was rather self-conscious when we were working alone together, we were quite good friends.

Sunny Grondino was from Genoa, and, finding that I also had been in Genoa, greeted me warmly. Alf was a Spiritualist, and in the noon hour the boys used to rag him, accusing him of a belief in spooks. Little Bert was an old bald man from Ohio, and had dyspepsia, a young wife, and one small boy—the brightest boy in town, according to Little Bert.

The pony that pulled our paint wagon was a broken-winded sorrel pinto by the name of Paddy.

The first time that we drove out to work after I joined the crew Dick turned round on the wagon seat to ask me what my politics were. Sailors don't know very much about politics. One of my best pals to-day says that he is a Socialist, and I know that were all men such as he the stars would not dim when they look down on Nazareth. Men have always interested me, rather than politics. When I answered Dick that I thought that there ought to be a close season for whales, he gave me a look that let me know that he thought that I was "queer." Then he went to talking politics with the boys. They were all of them Socialists, and told me that their party was shortly going to sweep the country, and that tip-top times were close ahead for workingmen. I was ready for tip-top times, for, whereas painters' wages were $4.50 a day, Dick was paying me but $1.50. I'd learned the trade in the smart cabins of a smart ship, under a Bluenose skipper. No better work is done than used to be done in those old ships.

Every day Dick and the boys talked politics. But for Little Bert, all were certain of the invincibility of their party. Little Bert always seemed very thoughtful. I supposed that it was his dyspepsia. At dinner time he never ate anything but grape-nuts out of a small glass bottle, and I was sorry for him.

I was young then, and, hearing so often "all them rich guys is crooked," began to think that it must surely be so. In those days I was very open to conviction.

One day when we were at work on the grand house of a millionaire Dick drove up to the job with Paddy and a load of color. Painters never speak of paint. It's always "color." He brought ten five-gallon cans of —— creosote stain for the shingles. It was not a contract job. The millionaire, wanting to be sure that nothing but the very best material was used, had paid for all the color. In those days —— creosote stain sold at $1.25 a gallon.

Dick bade me unload seven cans of the stain. Then while I poured it into a barrel he poured in three cans of benzine, and Little Bert stirred the mixture. Benzine cost about eleven cents a gallon.

Dick drove off to a contract job with the other three cans of —— creosote stain, for which the millionaire had paid.

Little Bert looked at me and shook his head very sadly.

"It's enough to give a feller the dyspepsia," said he; and added, "Bill what *is* your politics?"

Politics are queer, aren't they?

How about a close season for whales?

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